HARPER'S A WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1889.

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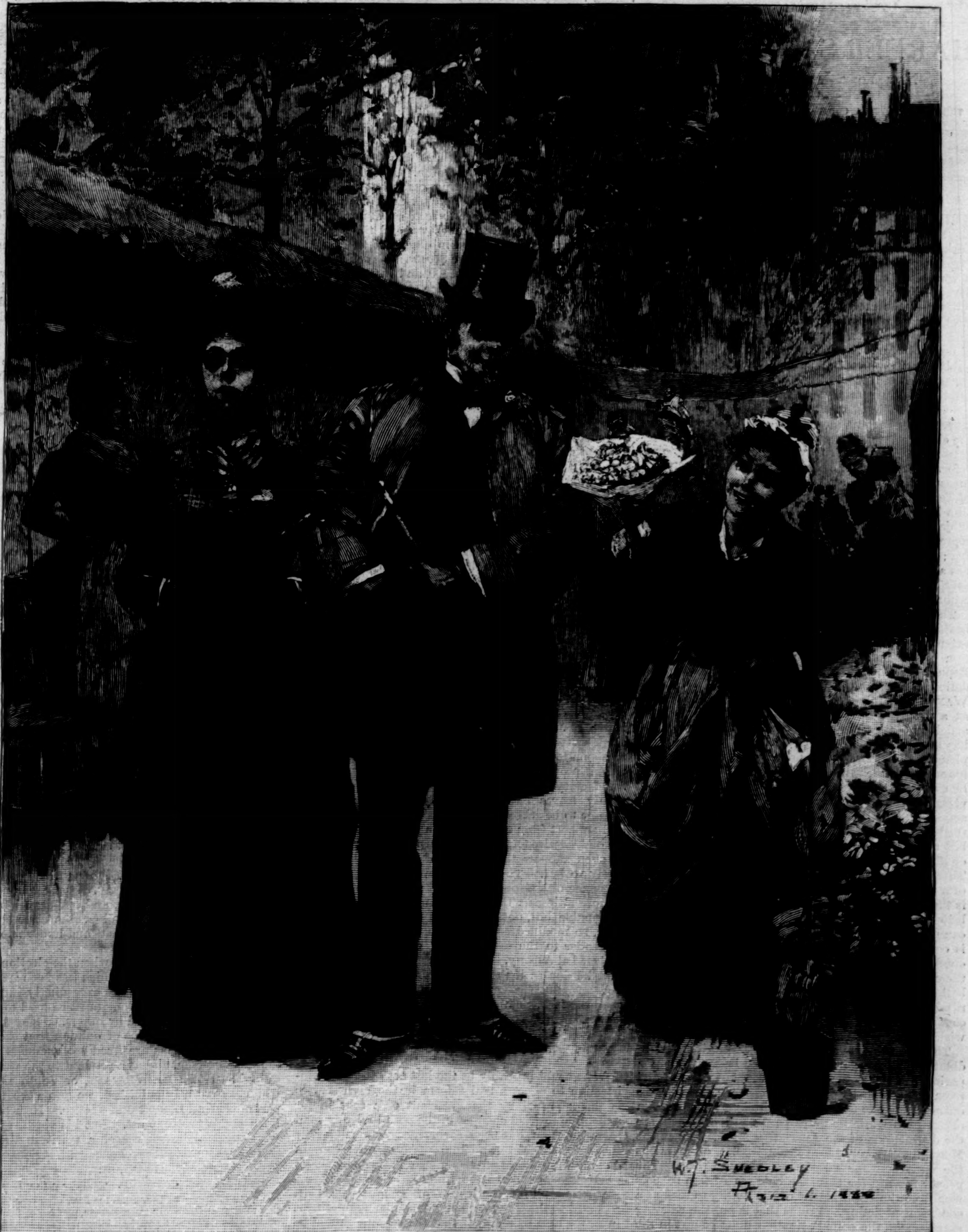

AMERICANS IN PARIS—IN THE FLOWER MARKET AT THE MADELEINE.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 51.]

"Such a quantity of good things that the price seems ridiculous."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for January 15th contains "Teddy Mullen's Country-Seat," a story for boys, by JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL; *"A Skull Heavier than Gold," by* DAVID KER; *and the fourth instalment of "Captain Polly," by* SOPHIE SWETT.

The second paper in the series of "Glimpses of Child Life from Dickens" is on David Copperfield and Mr. Dick.

"Venetian Boys in the Sixteenth Century" is accompanied by two engravings by MÉAULLE, *of Paris, after paintings by* PONTORMO *and* CARPACCIO.

Two articles for the older readers are "Manner and Manners," by MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *and "Becoming a Journalist," by* EUGENE M. CAMP.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A GENERAL ASSAULT UPON BRIBERY.

THE fact that the Democratic Governor of New York and the Republican Speaker of the New York Assembly should both have laid the greatest stress upon the illicit use of money at the late election is very significant. The Governor said, "It is believed"—by which we suppose he means that he believes—"the recent Presidential election was the most corrupt of any in the history of the country." And Speaker **COLE** said, "Never before in the history of our politics....has money played so important, unblushing, and corrupt a part in the election of government officials." The New York *World* lately summarized in special despatches the views of Governors of leading States. The retiring Democratic Governor of Indiana strongly advocates a revision of the election laws to prevent corruption, and his successor, the Republican Governor, demands electoral reform; the Governor of Nebraska recommends strong measures to secure an honest ballot; the Governor of Tennessee was meditating action; the South Carolina Legislature has passed stringent laws upon the subject; North Carolina thinks her laws adequate for repression of the evil; Arkansas will favor any good law; Wisconsin is thinking of the question; Illinois has a stringent law; and Massachusetts has adopted substantially the effective **SAXTON** bill which Governor **HILL** vetoed last year in New York.

This general interest is a good sign of political health. The evil has been long familiar, but its extent and menace were forced upon public attention by the notorious letter of the treasurer of the Republican Committee with its detailed recommendation of bribery, by the large sum raised by Mr. **WANAMAKER** followed by the suggestion of his name as a proper one for the new cabinet, and by the article in the *Mail and Express* substantially bewailing that a bargain for votes was not properly completed. The newspapers have permitted no public ignorance of the matter. Letters from Europe, public and private, have commented upon it. This universal publicity is one of the best guarantees of action, and it will be a grievous disappointment if the New York Legislature does not pass an adequate bill to restrict the opportunities of such corruption, or if such a bill should be vetoed by Governor **HILL**. There are certain points in which the chief efficacy of a reform ballot law is to be found. One of them is the security of such privacy for the voter that the briber cannot be certain that he is not fooled. If he cannot keep his eye upon his man until the bargain is completed by the deposit of the vote, the essential condition of successful bribery is wanting. It is therefore necessary that the voter receive only the ballot which the State has printed, that it be recognizable as such by the poll inspector, and that before casting it the voter be secluded to prepare it as he wishes.

This plan destroys the excuse for "striking" candidates for money; it prevents the briber from preparing the ticket for the paid voter to deposit, and from seeing that he deposits no other; and it secures entire secrecy to the voter by withdrawing him from observation while he prepares his ballot. These are the distinctions of the Australian system and of the Massachusetts law. The critical point, of course, is the provision for voters who cannot read. The proper remedy for this in a country of free schools would be the requirement of the ability to read as a condition of voting. But as that is not the existing requirement, the actual situation must be met in the way which offers the least and not the most chance for corruption. The law which is in contemplation is the act of the people to secure in their own interest honest elections. No law can be perfect. But when the evil to be corrected is plainly perceived and comprehended, and those who desire to perpetuate it for their own advantage are well known, their objections are only arguments for the law, and the warmth of their hostility is the measure of its efficacy. A law of this kind which Governor **HILL** would probably veto might be safely regarded as the law which ought to be passed.

REPORT OF THE EXCISE REVISION COMMISSION.

THE report of the Excise Revision Commission is a compromise which is understood not to be acceptable to any member. The rate of license fees is as follows: in cities, hotel licenses for all kinds of liquors, minimum $100, maximum $500; in towns, $75 to $250. Saloon licenses for all liquors—in cities, $300 to $500; in towns, $100 to $200. Saloon licenses for wine, ale, and beer only—in cities, $60 to $150; in towns, $40 to $100. Drug-store licenses on physicians' prescriptions, $20. Store-keepers' licenses—in cities, $75 to $250; in towns, $50 to $150. Eating-house licenses—in cities, $100 to $250; towns, $40 to $100. Sunday sales are prohibited, and sales from midnight until 6 A.M. for six months of the year, and until 5 A.M. for the other six months. There are provisions for special licenses for sale in cars and boats and at balls, etc. The number of bars licensed must not exceed one to every 500 of the population. But this provision does not apply to existing cases, but prohibits the granting of additional licenses until the proper ratio is reached. There are to be three Commissioners of Excise, to serve for one, two, and three years respectively, to be appointed in cities and elected in towns; the former to receive $5000 in New York, in other cities not more than $2500, and in towns $3 a day for every day's actual service.

This rate of license fees is much below the public expectation. The most expert students of the subject hold that a minimum fee of $500 in the city of New York would reduce the number of licenses by 75 per cent., and double the revenue from that source. The restriction of one saloon to every 500 people would diminish the number in New York from 10,000 to 2500. But the advantage would be lost under this scheme until the population of the city had increased enormously. Yet a peremptory adjustment of the number of saloons to the population would be extremely difficult, as the experience of Boston shows. Excluding druggists, there are now 1561 places in that city licensed to sell intoxicating drinks, or one to every 263 persons. The law of 1888 demands the reduction of this number to exactly one-half, or 781 licenses. But the new Mayor of Boston says in his message that it is not certain that the law can be enforced, and he suggests that it "may be right to ask for a more gradual reduction in the number of licenses."

Nothing is plainer upon this subject than that extreme and sudden advances are impracticable. A steady and constantly increasing compression is much more effective than spasmodic efforts, which recoil and lose ground already gained. But the scheme of the Revision Commission which satisfies none of the members will probably satisfy nobody else. A certain consistency of provision would be better than a provision which both prescribes and annuls a forward step. Thus the restriction of saloons to a smaller number than one to 500 of the population, if properly enforced, would be very much more satisfactory than the arrangement made, which practically leaves this evil wholly untouched. Any scheme to be successful must have a hearty approval and support from a considerable body of citizens who seriously desire temperance reform. But for the want of such support the scheme of the Commission is likely to fail. There is, however, no doubt of the existence of a strong public opinion which demands a more stringent license law, and a consistent and reasonable bill, not unlike the **CROSBY** bill of last year, so modified as to make a veto an undisguised surrender to the saloon, could certainly be readily matured at Albany. The Governor, indeed, intimates that he doubts if there be a public desire of higher license. But the Legislature will hardly allow the Governor's intimation of an opinion to restrain its action.

THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE.

WHAT will probably be the last act of this administration to effect a real reform in the civil service is the approval by the President of a scheme for appointments and changes in the postal railway mail service. This has been earnestly recommended by the Reform League, and the approved rules contain one most important provision which reformers would gladly see applied to the whole service. This is a requirement that the cause of removal shall be reported to the Commission. A similar requirement in every case of removal, that the reasons should be filed and made properly accessible to the public, would be one of the most wholesome practicable measures of reform, by impressing upon the removing officer the consciousness of responsibility and preventing arbitrary partisan removals. Undoubtedly such a provision might be evaded. There is no such rule which may not be evaded, nor any law that may not be violated. But that is not a reason for refusing to pass laws nor for neglecting wise regulations. The President's approval of the provision is the significant introduction of a principle which undoubtedly will be widely extended, and to the great advantage of the public service.

The new rules apply to the entire railway mail service except the General Superintendent and his assistant. The limitations of age for examinations are eighteen and thirty-five years, except in the case of honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, who may be examined without regard to age. In each railway mail division the Civil Service Commission will appoint as many boards of examiners for admission and promotion as it may hold to be necessary, and nobody will be placed upon the eligible list who shall not have attained a general average of not less than seventy on a scale of one hundred, except soldiers and sailors, who need attain only an average of sixty-five. A register of eligibles will be kept for each State and Territory, and all vacancies above class one will be filled by promotion upon such tests as the Postmaster-General, with the assent of the Commission, may prescribe. All appointments will be made for a probationary term of six months, and absolute appointments will be determined by the record. Upon requisition from the Postmaster-General, and under certain conditions, transfers may be made from the railway service to any classified office or to the Post-office Department, and *vice versa*. Under certain conditions, also, railway postal employés who have left the service may be reinstated. The General Superintendent will immediately report to the Commission every change made in the service, whether by appointment, promotion, or discharge; and, as we have stated, the reasons for not making an absolute appointment and for removal must be reported to the Commission.

Can there be any reasonable question that such a system for this most important branch of the public service is infinitely superior to that which gives the appointment to members of Congress as their share of the patronage, and which makes their favor, and not proved fitness, the condition of entrance into the service? The adoption in the last months of the Democratic administration of this admirable and well-considered non-partisan scheme to secure and retain the most competent public employés compares favorably with the conduct of the Republican administration under the same circumstances four years ago, when efforts were diligently made to protect partisan appointments by including them in the classified service. This inclusion in that service of the whole railway mail system, and the general interest with which the subject of reform is discussed, together with the expression of favorable opinions by Senators and Representatives, and the decisive tone of the speeches of Republican Representatives like Mr. **BROWN**, of Indiana, and Mr. **LODGE**, of Massachusetts, in the late brief debate in the House, when General **SPINOLA** very properly appeared as the leader of the spoils forces, which suffered a ludicrous defeat, are all emphatic indications of the constantly stronger hold of the principles of reform upon the public mind.

IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

ON the last night of the late year there was a Republican banquet at Chattanooga in Tennessee to celebrate the election of Mr. H. **CLAY EVANS**, a Republican Representative to Congress. The chief interest of the occasion was a letter from General **LONGSTREET**. If not the ablest leader of the Confederate armies, he was second to none in the best soldierly qualities. At Gettysburg, if any Confederate general could have prevailed, it was **LONGSTREET**. There was no doubt of his ability, his courage, and his devotion to the Confederate cause, as there has been none since the end of the war of his complete and honorable acceptance of the great result.

The views of such a man, when the election has restored to power the party which has been held to be inimical to "the South," are exceedingly interesting and suggestive, because they must be held to express a feeling which is shared by others. General **LONGSTREET** would seem to be of opinion that the minds of Southern citizens are fixed too exclusively upon the race problem, and as a pendant to the very interesting letter of Mr. **WILLIAMS**, of South Carolina, which we recently published, we quote the essential part of General **LONGSTREET**'s letter. He is a Republican and a protectionist. But his views, expressed with great plainness, reveal a spirit in the "New South" which must be reckoned with seriously in any just estimate of the situation:

> "Chattanooga is the centre or pioneer of the 'New South,' and being one of the first cities, if not the first, of any size in our section to elect a Republican Congressman, pledged to the protection of American labor and American industries, she has blazed out a path to industrial supremacy that her sister cities would do well to imitate. Had it not been for the '**MORRILL** tariff' of 1861, with its strong protective features, your flourishing city might have still been in its swaddling-clothes, instead of the vigorous specimen of robust municipal manhood that gladdens the eye of the

laborer and the capitalist. It may be taken for granted that men who have the sense to amass wealth have also sense enough not to risk their investments among a people who are unfriendly to their interests, and where a community yearn for free-trade it is but natural that labor and capital should give that community a wide berth. Nothing is so timid and cautious as capital, and to get it in your midst it must feel that it is safe and welcome. Thousands and millions of dollars are locked up in government bonds or hoarded in bank vaults that would be gladly released from its 'prison bounds' and seek the fertile fields and rich mineral lands of the 'sunny Southland' if the conditions were believed to be favorable. Two recent events in our midst will conduce to this end: first, the heroic action of the Birmingham sheriff in defending his prisoner against mob violence; and second, the visit of the Birmingham delegation to General Harrison. The one showed the world the supremacy of law and order, and that lynch law will soon be a reminiscence only with us; and the other was notice to the Bourbons that their party shackles are broken, and that hereafter men will have the moral courage to proclaim their real principles and vote their honest convictions in defiance of social ostracism, not affrighted by the spook of negro domination.

"I trust that General Harrison will meet with no factious opposition from the South, for our people owe him more than we now can discern, so close are we to the smoke of the battle of the 6th of November. The approval of Mr. Cleveland's policy would have been a calamity, notably to our section; for it would have retarded our industrial growth and arrested the development of our material resources. Although General Harrison will not get a single electoral vote from the South, yet history will record that the Southern people received greater benefits from his election than those States that voted for him. Let our old boys in gray meet General Harrison on half-way ground, and take the outstretched hand of the patriot and statesman, and co-operate with him in his efforts for the upbuilding and glory of our common country. Help him and hold up his hands, that he may be the stronger to help you."

The Charleston *News and Courier*, in considering at length the letter of Mr. Williams, of Greenville, South Carolina, which we recently published, admits it to be candid and strong, but wonders that we should suppose it to represent the view of a great part of the intelligent and earnest people in the Southern States, denying emphatically that it does so. This view it holds to be much more truly expressed in a speech of Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, prepared for delivery at the late New England dinner in Charleston. Mr. Breckinridge states the question to be, How the people of the Southern States can preserve the control of their affairs and the preservation of their institutions, their civilization, and their wealth consistently with the contentment of the seven millions of colored people? He thinks that this can be accomplished by a kindly spirit, by Christianizing and civilizing them, and giving them a fair chance in the race for life. The Atlanta *Constitution*, commenting upon some remarks of the Weekly, says that "the South is striving to find some solution of the negro problem," and ex-Governor Bullock thinks that it will be certainly found. All these authorities agree that the question must be left entirely to local adjustment, because the future condition of the colored race in the Southern States must depend, as Mr. Breckinridge says, upon the good-will and the conscience of the white people among whom it is placed. Of this there can be no doubt. The most stringent national interference which the Constitution would permit would not necessarily bring another Southern vote to the polls, and would certainly not foster greater kindliness of feeling. If the well-nigh universal sentiment in this part of the country, where the colored population is very small, does not even entertain this suggestion of a representative of it in the cabinet, it cannot be difficult to understand the feeling in communities which have seen a Moses administration and a carpet-bag Legislature.

DISTRICT SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

Mr. Draper, the Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York, is so admirable and efficient an officer that every suggestion he may officially make is worthy of careful consideration. In his address at the late thirty-fourth annual meeting of the State Association of School Commissioners and Superintendents, he said that he had recommended to the Legislature that the money appropriated to districts for the maintenance of school libraries should be devoted exclusively to that purpose, and that the purchase of books should be made from a list approved by the Department of Public Instruction. This is a good suggestion, if the old system of district appropriations is to continue, because it would tend to secure proper books for the libraries. But the Superintendent has well asked how can the system be made more effective than it now is.

For sixty years the Legislature has annually appropriated from $50,000 to $55,000 among the school districts of the State for the purchase of school libraries. There has been paid out for this purpose the sum of $2,724,000, and the sum actually expended for libraries is $1,985,144. The difference is explained by the fact that the money is often used for other purposes. The largest number of volumes ever reported in district libraries was 1,604,210 in the year 1853. In 1887, more than thirty years afterward, only 737,716 volumes were reported, and these are found in larger places, where other libraries exist. In one-half of the districts in one county of the State known to us—and the fact is doubtless the same in other counties—a sum of less than five dollars is annually apportioned. This illustrates the difficulty, which lies in the fact that the sum allotted to districts which need it most is too small to produce any substantial result.

The abandonment of the appropriation for that reason would be very unwise. The better course is to make it more effective; and if the sum is to be apportioned by districts, the suggestion of the Superintendent is timely and wise. But what kind of a district library can be maintained for five dollars a year? As it appears that in many districts there are already other libraries, it would seem that the grant could be made to effect its purpose much more truly if the distribution of money should be made dependent upon certain conditions, like the neighborhood of other libraries, and upon the actual situation as ascertained by the Department of Public Instruction. That department is one of the most important in the State, and such discretion would not be beyond the proper responsibilities of its head.

MAYOR GRANT'S MESSAGE.

Mayor Grant's message contains some excellent suggestions. His remarks upon increased facilities of transportation, upon the shameful condition of the city pavements, and upon the docks and piers are approved by all sensible citizens. They concern improvements which ought unquestionably to be made, and the lack of which is a disgrace. But the difficulty is not in seeing what ought to be done, but how to do it in a way which would not be more disgraceful. The Mayor speaks also of new public buildings, and even suggests the City Hall Park for them. Doubtless they are desirable. But the history of public buildings in New York makes the tax-payer and the decent New-Yorker wince.

If the Mayor could show how such enterprises as he suggests for great expenditure of public money would not be enormous jobs, he would do a remarkable public service. As the *Times* points out, it cannot be forgotten that the Mayor was elected by Tammany Hall, and have we advanced so briskly toward the millennium that great city works consummated under the auspices of Tammany might be supposed to be honest, economical, and fitting?

Mayor Grant would presently erect the city charitable and penal institutions upon Pelham Bay Park, and transform Blackwell's Island into a park. But the disposition to obstruct the public parks with buildings is not to be encouraged. Public grounds, like public buildings, are to be respected. They are designed to secure free space in sun and air, and not to be building sites. No more building should be permitted in the City Hall Park, and some good reason should be shown for the enormous expense of the practical exchange of parks which the Mayor proposes in the case of Blackwell's Island. His remarks upon burying the wires express the universal public feeling, and he is unquestionably correct in saying that except on Sunday a very large number of citizens are unable to visit the great museums. The message has made a favorable impression, and the Mayor may be sure of a general and hearty support of every effort that he may make effectively and economically to further his own good suggestions.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

After a warm discussion of five hours in executive session—the longest of such sessions on record—the Senate, by a vote of 49 to 3, passed Mr. Edmunds's resolution practically reaffirming the Monroe doctrine. The resolution deprecates the connecton of any European government with the construction or control of any canal across the American isthmus. That is a simple announcement of our traditional public policy. France cannot be surprised, much less offended, by it, because the French government gave us the most positive and definite assurances when the Lesseps canal was projected that it proposed taking no part in it whatever.

Should that government assume or guarantee the work, it would have the right to support by arms the interest which it would acquire, and it is an act of international courtesy to announce to France, when tremendous pressure is brought to induce a practical disregard of her solemn assurance, that the views and policy of this country are unchanged. The French government can point to the express declaration of the government of the United States as a conclusive reason why it should not yield to the pressure to violate its word.

To the inquiry why the United States should object to a canal across the isthmus constructed by a foreign government, the reply is that the local interest of the United States in such a work is paramount. If an isthmian state should choose to open a waterway within its own dominions, and without understandings with great foreign powers, we could not object. But that is not supposable. The work can be done only by great capital, either in a private way like that proposed by Lesseps, or by government aid. The course of the Senate forecasts undoubtedly that of the House, and as it is a joint resolution, unless the President should veto it, which is improbable, it would be communicated to the European powers. It can do no harm, and it may easily prevent serious complications.

THE REMOVAL OF THE APPRAISER AT NEW YORK.

The President, at the request of the Secretary of the Treasury, has removed Appraiser McMullen at the port of New York, and his request to be heard was denied. Mr. McMullen has been for thirty-six years, half of his life, in the government service, and, as we understand, no complaint of his integrity or efficiency has ever been made. Indeed he was appointed by reason of his high character both as man and officer. He is removed because, as the Secretary says, reforms must be at once begun in the Appraiser's Department, in which he cannot count upon the Appraiser's intelligent and sympathetic co-operation. Six or seven weeks remain to the Secretary for the accomplishment of such reforms, and the Appraiser states that they had not been suggested to him.

If the Secretary is satisfied that the Appraiser is too old or too pliable to do his work properly, there can be no question of the duty of removing him. But he has not grown suddenly old or pliable, and it is impossible not to feel that the reasons must be very urgent which demand a removal that can be of no service to the proposed reforms. If the removal be in any way connected with Mr. McMullen's course in regard to the alleged sugar frauds, as he evidently believes, it is time that those frauds ceased to be merely alleged. Although a certain secrecy of investigation in such matters may be for a time essential, yet time enough has now elapsed to furnish facts which may be safely revealed, and it is certainly desirable to clear up the curious proceedings of Mr. Byrne.

Mr. Sherer was suspended under circumstances which made his suspension equivalent to a charge of complicity with fraud, other employés were dismissed in the same injurious manner, and Mr. McMullen evidently believes that he suffers from the same suspicion. Yet only the suspicion is declared, and no distinct charges are made, notwithstanding Mr. Sherer's earnest request for complete publicity and investigation. Secretary Fairchild is not only a kindly man, but an upright public officer, and he must certainly see that great injustice is done to men hitherto of unimpeachable character by the vague allegation of frauds and the indefinite postponement of the proof.

AN IMPUTATION FROM KANSAS.

Kansas is doubtless a large enough State to afford room for the play of keen local jealousies between the rising cities within its borders. Hutchinson keeps a jealous eye on the progress of Wichita, Leavenworth grudges Topeka the possession of the Capitol, and Topeka regards with a certain amount of fretful impatience the push and energy of its younger rivals. But Kansas is too large a State to give countenance to the idea that extended notice of the growth of its urban communities interests the rest of the country so little that such can be published only at the expense of the city described. We are therefore surprised to find that the Topeka *Democrat* thinks so meanly of the evidences of Western intelligence and enterprise displayed in the city of Wichita as to assume that the Supplement of the Weekly in which these were set forth was of the nature of a paid advertisement. This, however, is mainly the *Democrat's* own affair, to be reckoned for with such of the people of Kansas as it counts among its readers. But that the *Democrat* should think so meanly of Harper's Weekly as to suppose that its reading columns are for sale to enterprising citizens in Kansas or elsewhere is so distinctly our affair that we have asked our erring contemporary to furnish us the grounds on which it based such an opinion.

The Wichita *Daily Eagle*, which knows whereof it speaks, said in reply to the *Democrat's* first statement on the subject, "Not a cent, absolutely not a cent, did the article in question cost the city of Wichita." Whereupon the *Democrat*, in the fulness of its misinformation, repeated the charge after this fashion, "Then, if it did not cost the city a penny, certain live business men and capitalists in that aspiring city must have opened their pocket-books and contributed thousands of dollars to secure the valuable publication in said widely circulated journal." Our friend of the *Eagle* promptly anticipated our correction of this statement by explaining, felicitously and forcibly, that the Wichita Supplement was the outcome of our continuous search for "those characteristic developments which come of the more advanced spirit of American enterprise," and was issued "merely in the interest of a better education and a higher civilization." And the *Eagle* added that the publication "did not cost Wichita a cent, nor her individual citizens a cent."

It is, perhaps, a little discouraging that any such explanation as that made on our behalf by the Wichita *Eagle* should be found necessary, or that any such misconception of the character of the Weekly as that adopted by the Topeka *Democrat* should be possible after a generation of journalistic conduct visibly opposed to the mercenary practice imputed to us. But we are glad to believe that there are few newspapers in the United States capable of making such a blunder, and that our misguided Topeka contemporary will be found ready to make all the reparation in its power for the gratuitous aspersion of which we have demanded an explanation.

PERSONAL.

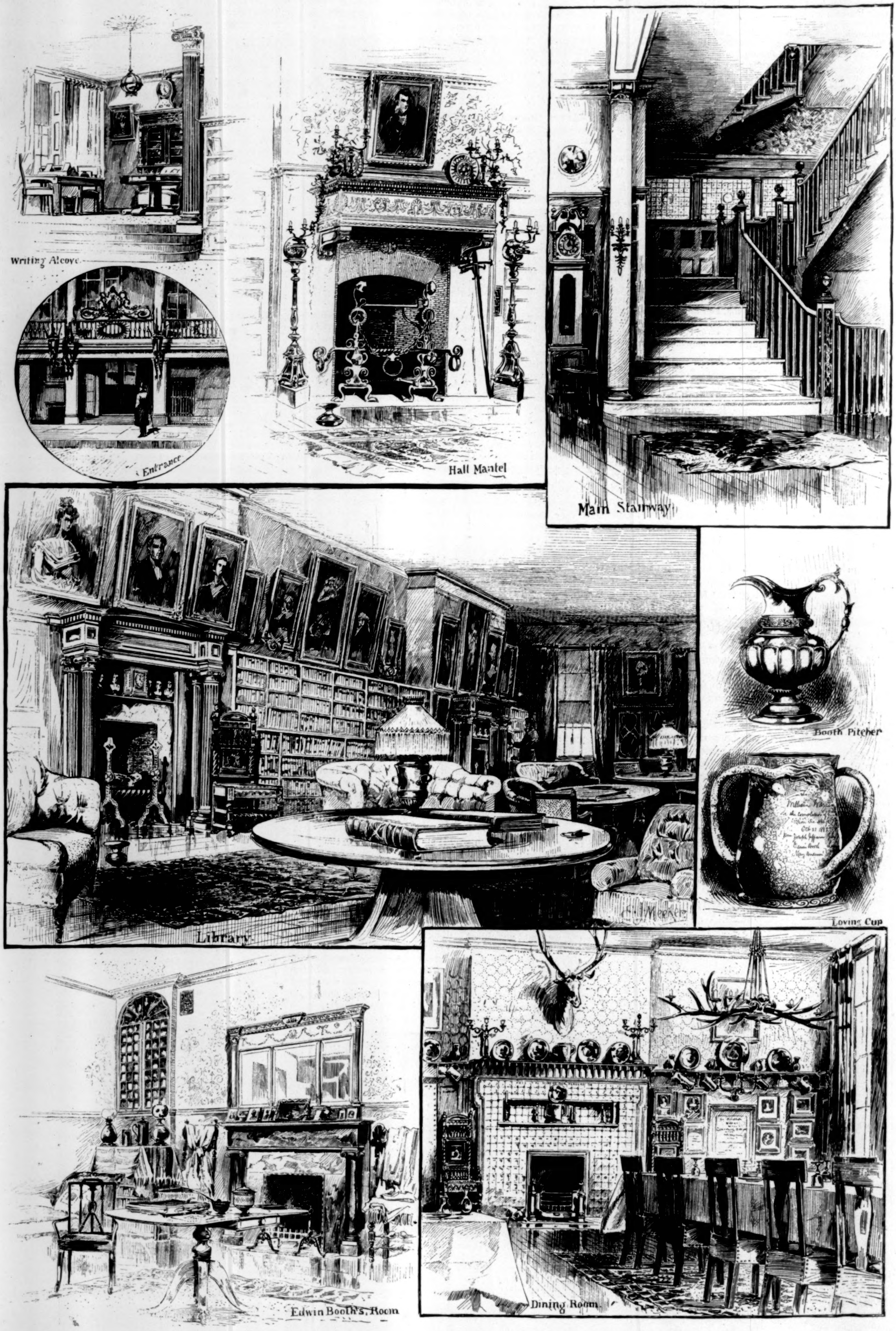
A most interesting link to the past is the venerable Mrs. Sarah Chaplin Rockwood, of Cortland, New York, who celebrated her one-hundred-and-third birthday not long ago by keeping open house. She was born in Groton, Massachusetts, and from her great-uncle, Colonel Prescott, the hero of Bunker Hill, she heard the story of the historic battle. Other incidents of the Revolution were often told in her presence by the Colonel, and she remembers him well as an affable but dignified man. Her father, Rev. Dr. Daniel Chaplin, was a prominent New England figure during the religious upheaval of seventy-five years ago, and her brother, William L. Chaplin, belonged to the uncompromising school of Garrison abolitionists. The historian Prescott and Mrs. Caroline Chaplin Orne, a popular novelist of the past, were relatives of Mrs. Rockwood, while Amos Lawrence was a connection of the family and her school-master at Groton Academy. Of her girlhood days Mrs. Rockwood has many distinct remembrances, and she speaks with great animation of the dances they had on the green at the close of school, and the "treats" of gingerbread that the young swains handed around to the girls.

—Miss Edith Davis and other London philanthropists are taking steps to form the "Lady Guide Association," the principal object being to give gentlewomen in straitened circumstances a means of livelihood by acting as guides for strangers wishing to see the sights of the city, and furnishing them with such information as they desire.

—Sam Wah Kee, a Boston Chinaman of wealth and influence, and husband of one of the two Chinese women at the Hub, has just celebrated the birth of his son and heir by giving a banquet to seven hundred of his countrymen. He entertained his guests at his house and store with tea and Celestial delicacies, which a Chinese caterer furnished to the tune of three dollars a plate. The youthful Kee has been named Ames Hart, after the Governor of the State and the newly elected Mayor of the city.

—Boston Corbett, who killed John Wilkes Booth, and has of late years been confined in a Kansas insane asylum, has escaped, and is supposed to be in Mexico.

—A Chicago character, Brockholst Livingstone McVickar, better known as "Brock" McVickar, is dead. His principal claims to distinction were two incidents which occurred during his visit to Paris several years ago. The first was the inditing of a sonnet in praise of the Empress Eugénie's beauty, which brought him the personal thanks of the Emperor and Empress, and gave him the freedom of the city, and the second was the prominent part he played in arresting an anarchist who had fired at the Czar during a fête given in honor of the Russian ruler's visit to the French capital. For the last performance he was thanked and decorated by the Czar.



Writing Alcove

Entrance

Hall Mantel

Main Stairway

Library

Booth Pitcher

Loving Cup

Edwin Booth's Room

Dining Room

THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE OF THE PLAYERS.—Drawn by E. J. Meeker.—[See Page 51.]

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

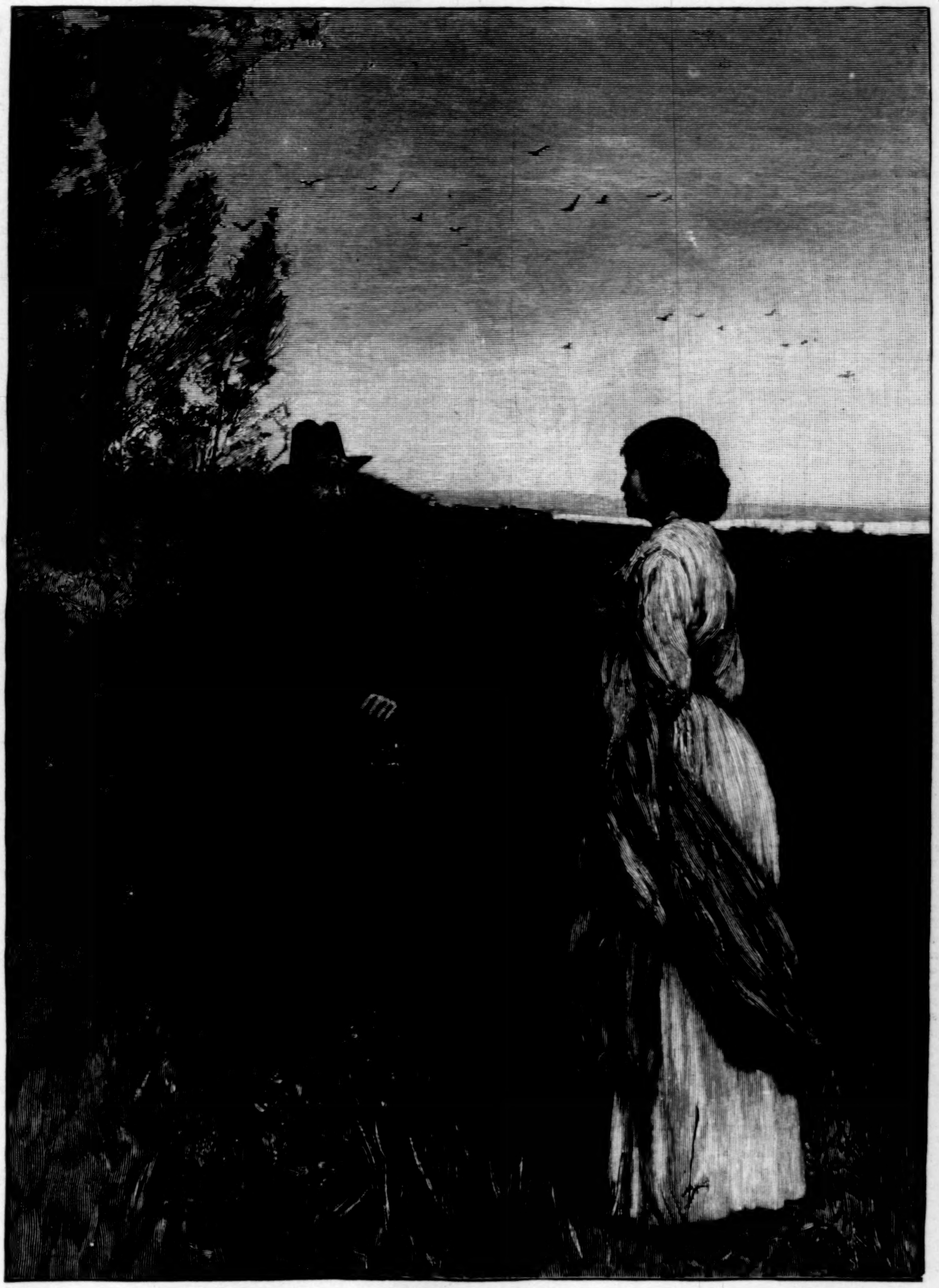
XIV.

THE major of Mullane's regiment was sent to Washington to take charge of the deceased officer's effects and to make such investigation as to the cause and manner of his death as might be permissible by the police. He was an honest and a dutiful soldier, a man who stood high in the confidence of his colonel and of his brother officers; nevertheless, there was no little growling among the "Mullane crowd," as that particular element among the commissioned force was known, because that particular field-officer had been selected, and not one of their own number. Captain Moriarty was easily induced to go to the colonel as chairman and spokesman of this spontaneous grievance committee, and to say to him that the "frinds" of Captain Mullane considered that they had been ignored in the selection of Major Dalrymple, and further, that in his hands it was not to be expected that justice would be done: he was, and always had been, hostile to Captain Mullane. The colonel allowed the red-faced troop commander to proceed with his harangue until his ideas gave out and he had to pause for a moment. Then, without a word, the commander held forth an opened copy of the "Revised Regulations," and pointed to the paragraph which prescribed that the major of the regiment should take charge of and become responsible for the effects of deceased officers. Moriarty stumbled over this a moment, and then, after scratching his head in some perplexity, he hit on another line of assault.

"But we have three majors, sir, and only wan of 'em was frindly to Captain Mullane. Couldn't Major O'Neil be sent? 'Twould be a source of satisfaction to the frinds and family of the 'desayst.'"

"There are reasons why Major O'Neil cannot be detailed, sir; and Major Dalrymple, as commander of Captain Mullane's battalion, is the only proper one to send. That will do on that subject."

"Very well, colonel. Good-day, sir. I've simply to say in conclusion, sir, that it's the belief of all Mullane's frinds that he was foully murdered without a chance for his life, and that the man who did it was Major Kearny, sir. Good-day to you, colonel." And Moriarty went back to his friends to report the ill success of his appeal, and to spread abroad the theory that their late companion had met his death at the hands of the New Jersey major.



"THE NEXT INSTANT A TALL FIGURE BURST THROUGH THE HEDGE CLOSE BY HER SIDE, AND STOOD SILENTLY BEFORE HER."

Remembering all that had taken place, and conjuring up, as men and Christians will, all manner of things that were of no import at the time of their occurrence, but that became of serious moment now, it must be admitted that there were strong grounds for believing that no one would be more quickly pounced upon as the slayer of Mullane than he who swore that as God was his judge the Irish captain should answer to him for the foul insult put upon his honor. Men were very grave and reserved in the camp of the —— New Jersey, and rather gloomy and vengeful in that of their neighbors. The story went up from brigade to division head-quarters. There was no Bayard now to stand the friend of the absent soldier. The gallant cavalry leader, whose face had borne for years the scars of savage warfare on the plains, had met his soldier death at Fredericksburg, and another veteran dragoon had recently stepped into the vacant place—"a new king who knew not Joseph"—and when Dalrymple went on the next up trip of the steamer to Washington he bore with him official letters that had much to say of the late fracas between Kearny and the murdered captain, and that told in no mild terms of the former's furious threats.

It was four days before the officers of the Jersey regiment were able to get the full text of Dalrymple's report. The moment it was received by his colonel a copy was made and handed to Captain Dayton, who read it aloud to the assembled comrades. Not a word was spoken even when he finished. Dayton folded the paper and looked around at the circle of grave and anxious faces. There were one or two in which he read hopeful signs, but only one or two. Over in the other regiment the reading of Dalrymple's letter had produced but one impression: that Kearny was the man. Here among the Jerseymen there was silence.

Summed up in its entirety, the case against Kearny looked black as night. Coupled with his threats, his wrath, his refusal to give a promise not to follow the man if granted leave, the following uncanny array of facts had been evolved, partially by Dalrymple, partially by the police, partially by telegraphic correspondence between Washington and Trenton:

Mullane's fortnight of leave of absence would have expired the second day after Kearny's departure, and he would be compelled to return on the down trip of the steamer leaving Washington the evening following Kearny's arrival at the capital. For four days after the captain's departure Kearny had been striving to obtain leave of absence himself, only to refuse it when offered him on condition that he would neither follow nor molest Mullane. Then he wrote urgent letters, and sent telegrams to the adjutant-general of New Jersey and to influential friends in Trenton, saying that he would gladly accept the majority that had been tendered him if there were now a vacancy. The Governor was visited in his behalf without delay; and that very evening telegrams were sent him announcing his new commission, and saying that the War Department had been urged to order him to report at once to the Governor of his State for duty in connection with the equipment and instruction of his battalion. It was known in camp that two telegrams came for Kearny four days before the arrival of his orders—these were probably the telegrams referred to—yet not a word had he breathed to any one, even to Dayton, of his coming promotion. Not a word did any of his comrades hear of it until the orders themselves were published; yet he must have anticipated their coming, for he was "packed" and ready to start almost without loss of a day. All men remembered his feverish impatience, his restlessness, his nervous irritability, when urged to "hold over" that they might give him a farewell dinner.

Then it transpired that no sooner had he received telegraphic notification of his promotion and impending orders than he addressed a letter to the adjutant-general of his State saying that urgent personal matters required his attention for a few days, and begging that he might be authorized to delay one week in reporting for duty with his battalion. To this, affirmative answer was sent by telegraph; other despatches had come to him both in camp and at the landing at Acquia, as Dayton could not but remember. The purser of the steamer recalled the fact that the Major paced restlessly up and down on deck until after midnight. Other officers were aboard going to Washington on sick leave, "furlough," or duty—as many as three or four dozen—and they were having a jovial time together much of the night, but Major Kearny held himself aloof from all. "He seemed moody and preoccupied." Before "turning in" he had given orders that his trunk should be sent to Willard's and his other baggage to the Baltimore and Ohio depot. The baggage had been shipped, as "tagged," to Trenton. The trunk, duly marked with his name, had been at Willard's several days, uncalled-for.

Major Kearny had disappeared; no man knew whither.

The steamer had reached her Washington dock just after daybreak, said the guard. Several officers were there awaiting the coming of friends, and the deceased was particularly remembered as having driven down in a carriage with two or three men, all of whom were noisy and intoxicated. Mullane himself was more than half drunk and in very surly mood. He had some words with the officer of the guard, whose duty it was to examine the papers of all persons in uniform either going or coming, and lurched aboard the boat almost before she was made fast, elbowing his way among the crowd of officers in the gangway, and being remarked by several for his unmistakably drunken appearance.

"A gen'l'm'n waitin' f'r 'im," was the explanation he gave to the steward at the cabin stairway, and that was the last seen or heard of him until nearly half an hour later, when, in making the rounds of the state-rooms just vacated, the stewardess was horrified to find in one of them, two doors from that occupied by Major Kearny, the dead body of the cavalry captain. Judging from the appearance of the clothes, it had evidently been dragged in there; a life-preserver had been thrust under the ghastly head; a little water had been dashed over the face as though the slayer had hoped, possibly, to revive his victim, and the pitcher was there by the side of the body; then the legs had been doubled up and thrust aside so that the state-room door could be closed and the ugly sight temporarily hidden; then the murderer had slipped away.

Mullane's watch, his papers, his loose bills, perhaps ten dollars in all, were found in his pockets. Buckled around his waist was a broad money-belt, to which was attached a revolver holster; his coat and waistcoat were opened, and the belt displayed; its compartment for "greenbacks" was empty, and the flap was open. This looked like robbery, since it was known that he generally carried large sums with him. His revolver, loaded and capped in every chamber, was still in the holster. This put an end to the theory of suicide. It was murder, evidently, for the victim had not been allowed to draw in his own defence.

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* Begun in No. 1667.—Copyright, 1888, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

For their part, the police had learned enough to blast such reputation for good as might remain to the captain over and above his repute for ill. He had gone home, but only for a day. His wife had not been ill, nor had Dr. McNamara certified that she was at the point of death, and craving to see her husband. The police were of opinion that his arrival, all unannounced, was a matter of wild consternation to the putative partner of his joys and sorrows, but he had turned up too drunk to know the difference. He had spent several days in gambling and drink in Philadelphia; had reached Washington with two strangers the night before his untimely taking off, and it was probable that the night was spent in gambling and drink until these very fellows drove him to the boat at dawn. Who they were the detectives had not yet discovered; neither had they found the hack-driver. Their theory was that the men were some of the swarms of professional sharps and gamblers who hung about Baltimore and Washington all through the war; that they had fleeced and then gladly driven him to the boat to get rid of him, and that he had *not* been murdered for money. Now they were searching for Major Kearny, who had not been seen or heard of since the moment of the steamer's arrival. Indeed, no one saw him among the group of officers eager to disembark the moment the dock was reached, and every one aboard the boat believed that he must, therefore, have been in the cabin or his own state-room when Mullane lurched up the winding, brass-bound stairs to meet his tragic fate.

But no one saw him leave the steamer afterward, and this was singular. True, he could have stepped off the guards, or let himself down from the upper deck to the dock; he might easily, too, have passed the sentry at the pier; for, after the rush of arrivals, and the presumable passage out of all officers and men coming up from the front, it would be an easy matter. Civilians were coming and going. Quartermasters' employés passing to and fro, and all manner of distractions occurring to favor any one who wished to slip out unnoticed. Indeed, the officer of the guard could not say that Major Kearny was not among the thirty or forty officers who disembarked at early morning. He only "did not remember seeing such a name," whereas there were now one or two who began to believe that he passed out of the gate with them. They knew him by sight, and he was pointed out on the boat as "the fellow who bearded the Irish lion in his den."

Kearny's state-room was empty. He had a satchel, a heavy overcoat, and a small leather valise when he came aboard, and these had been duly taken by the porter to his room. The valise was heavy, said the porter, and big enough to contain a complete suit of civilian dress if he had seen fit to change his clothes and go ashore "*in mufti*"; but with so much to carry he could not have been very "spry" in his movements, and he could not have hidden his big overcoat and long dragoon boots in that valise. Yet they were gone. Not a trace of him was left behind.

All this, though in terser form, Captain Dayton had read aloud to the gathering in the colonel's tent, and, as has been said, the report was received in utter silence. Dayton's voice was husky and tremulous when he finished, and he waited some little time. Then, raising his head and looking calmly around the circle, he spoke in tones from which the tremor had suddenly disappeared:

"Well, gentlemen, since no one has a word to say, I see that I shall have to keep the floor. In the absence of any expression of opinion from you, it may not be inappropriate for me, who have known him from boyhood, to say what *I* think. If for one moment hitherto—knowing Frank Kearny's high temper and his bitter rage against this man—knowing, too, rather more than most of you about the circumstances attending his previous absence—I had a vague but hateful doubt of his innocence, it is set at rest at once and forever by this very report. He never could have done it."

It was a strange, solemn scene, that score of soldierly men gathered there in gloomy silence to deliberate on the report which cast so dark a cloud upon a comrade's name. It was evident that there were several on whom its effect was very different from that declared by Dayton. It was apparent that none were quite ready to grasp the cause of his great relief. At last came the question,

"Will you give your reasons, Dayton?"

"Reasons? Why, man alive! think for yourself. Mullane's pistol was in its holster, every chamber loaded; he never had a chance for his life! Frank Kearny might have fought him had they met, but he is the last man to brand as an assassin, and you ought to know it."

And Dayton's loyalty to his friend, and serene confidence that he was entirely innocent and would reappear in a day or so, ready and willing to account for every moment of his absence, had no little weight in the camp of the brigade; but despite it all there was wide-spread feeling that Mullane's sudden and violent death was the outcome of the fray that had been for the fortnight past the talk of every cavalry mess along the plateau.

XV.

And just about this time there was the mischief to pay in front of Washington. While the Army of the Potomac was worrying through the winter as best it could, and huddling about the camp fires down in front of Fredericksburg, a force of goodly size occupied the defences of the national capital. With its right resting within the parapets of Forts Ethan Allen and Marcy on the heights south of the Chain Bridge, the defending line swept through a score of powerful works until it reached the Potomac again below Alexandria. Every road was picketed, every lane patrolled, and the villages of Fairfax, Falls Church, and Vienna were occupied at most times by outposts both cavalry and infantry. And yet, despite the strength of the defenders and the vigilance of their videttes, "the front" at that particular point was a place of unusual exposure for wearers of the blue. Mosby, an active and remarkably enterprising young leader, was at the head of a body of "irregular horse," sometimes called partisans south of the Potomac, and invariably known as guerillas north of it. In numbers these night riders were variously estimated anywhere from one to fifty thousand. The Union pickets along that front inclined to the latter number as the more probable, and no one who was not engaged in the delicate and hazardous duty of warding off Colonel Mosby's incessant assaults that winter and spring ought to take exception to this palpable exaggeration. If Mosby did not count fifty thousand men in his command, and might have been hard pushed to make it fifteen hundred at his very best, he might as well have done so, for no fifty thousand men in that section of Virginia ever kept the lines of Washington in state of livelier suspense and anxiety than did this band of hard-riding "bushwhackers." They were nearly all youngsters, born and bred in the old commonwealth. Nearly every man of their number knew every lane and bridle-path from the Hazel River below Warrenton to the broad Potomac itself, and what they did not know they soon learned. They had relatives or friends in every house from the Blue Ridge to Alexandria, if not beyond. There was not a man of them who had not a sweetheart somewhere within that range—and not a few that had not more than one. It was not surprising that Colonel Mosby soon enlarged the field of his operations and took in the Shenandoah Valley (and some Yankee paymasters—funds and all); but in the early spring of 1863 he was skipping here, there, and everywhere in the immediate front of Washington. Nobody could put a finger on him, but he put a finger on every man who ventured forth; and just about the time Frank Kearny left the camp of the cavalry brigade behind Falmouth, all the lines were ringing with Mosby's latest exploit. He had swooped down and carried off a "swell" brigadier-general of the Union army from the outskirts of Fairfax, and it was rumored that the very pretty girl at whose invitation the general had called that evening was Mosby's confederate.

For six months, ever since the transfer of the army from Warrenton to Fredericksburg and the consequent abandonment of the railway as the line of supplies, Mosby had covered the country from the Bull Run Mountains to the Union fortifications, and no one could divine what might be going on behind him. Now, irritated by the boldness of this last raid, there seemed to be a disposition on part of the government to send out a cavalry column to capture or drive away these lively tormentors. A story had reached our friends of the brigade that they were to be the lucky ones to make the attempt, and they were glad enough to go. Very few believed there would be any chance of capturing such a Will-o'-the-wisp as Mosby; but there would be scouting, fighting, something to break the monotony of camp life, and no man in all the brigade was so eager to go as Kearny. For six months he had been able to hear nothing of the household at Hopewell, and day by day the longing to know something of the girl he loved had grown to the verge of a mania. It was with bitter disappointment that he found that the rumor of their being sent thither in search of Mosby either had no foundation or that the project was abandoned. It was now reported that another command—some new cavalry regiments—had been ordered out from Washington, but within the Union lines there was far less confidence in the success of the expedition than there would have been had the object been declared a hunt for a needle in a hay-stack.

Beyond the lines and all over the lovely tract of country in the counties of Loudoun, Fairfax, Prince William, and Fauquier east of the Bull Run range it was a season of jubilee for all good Virginians whose hearts were with the cause of the Confederacy; all households seemed wild with enthusiasm over Mosby's exploits, and between his officers, his troopers, and the populace of house-keeping women, children, and aged men there was apparently but one instance of coldness and distrust. There were sadness and suffering at Hopewell, where good old Judge Armistead was slowly breaking down, crushed with the weight of suspicion and calumny that had been heaped upon him since the rescue of Lieutenant Kearny.

In less than three weeks it seemed as though every man, woman, and child in all that section of Virginia had been taught to point at Armistead the finger of scorn. He was a traitor to his people, a protector and abettor of the enemies and invaders of his State. He had harbored, until he could return to his friends, the man of all others the Virginians—the young men, at least—most longed to have and hold: Lieutenant Kearny; he who had driven off to captivity in Northern dungeons such chivalric fellows as Pegram, Eustis, and Falconer. True, all three of them were by this time exchanged, and had rejoined their comrades, by no means looking the worse for their few months' sojourn in the inhospitable neighborhood of Washington, where old friends were allowed to visit them with as many dainties and comforts and consolations as though they had been wife-murderers condemned to hang. All the same, there was a degree of rhetorical pomp about the phrase "languishing in Northern dungeons" which made it popular for the time being, and served to keep up the sentiment against Judge Armistead. It is a community that sticks at nothing in love or hate. Life itself was too small to give to the cause, or for the leaders they loved; and, on the other hand, no obloquy was too harsh for the man once honored of them all but now a recreant to their trust. It was universally told in farm and village circles, and it went to Richmond, Staunton, and Lynchburg, that when Armistead gave his word to Major Gordon that Lieutenant Kearny was nowhere on his premises, the Yankee was at that moment in hiding upstairs; there were not lacking women to say, in Lucy Armistead's own room.

For months he had been treated as a Pariah, and poor Lucy had the bitter grief to suffer alone of seeing her father breaking down under the burden of accusation and aversion thus heaped upon him. Several times had Dr. Loring been summoned from across the range, and twice since Lee returned to the Rapidan had Henry managed to reach them for a brief visit. In the army no such talk went the rounds as that which passed current among the non-combatants and the women. No rumor of dishonor attaching to his beloved father's name had ever reached the son. Bitterly he grieved at the suspicion and censure he had brought upon his people in having compelled them to undertake the care of Kearny, but he well knew that the trust was sacred with them when once his word was given. Not once had his father shown him sign of the direful effect of all that month of secret nursing. When the son was there, the father hid his sorrows and made the boy welcome. Neither would Lucy betray the true state of the case, and Henry had on both occasions ridden back to his duties comforted with the belief that the coldness would soon blow over, and that by his own valor and devotion he could soon outweigh and cause to be forgotten the apparent defection at home. That he himself had urged his father to harbor and protect Kearny was not known to more than five persons; this the father had insisted on.

One man, apparently, saw nothing in popular indignation which should compel him to discontinue his visits to Hopewell or his attentions to Miss Armistead, and that man was Captain Scott Falconer, who with his squadron of "Rangers" was now attached to Mosby's command. No week had passed during the winter without its visit from him, and sometimes he was at the old house two or three days. The unhappy invalid, now a prisoner in his study, looked upon these frequent appearances as his only chance of communication with the army in whose success all his hopes were still centred, and he welcomed them, even though he had not fancied Falconer in the past, and hardly trusted him now. He knew that Lucy was the magnet that drew him thither, and he, at any other time and under any other circumstances, would have found it possible to intimate that such frequent calls were not desirable. Now he could not. He knew well that Falconer had lost caste in the neighborhood, and Falconer, with apparent reluctance, gave him to understand it was solely because he would persist in association with a tabooed man. The captain made no mention of the fact that he was generally execrated for his conduct the day of Bayard's sweeping advance, when that gallant boy lieutenant was killed, and still less was the captain apt to mention the fact that Mosby had given him the cold shoulder on many an occasion.

It was a sunshiny day in mid-March, and the snow was gone and the roads were thawing, and it was evident that spring would soon appear, and the spring campaign be sure to open. For a week, despite the softening weather, the Judge seemed more downcast than ever—more hopeless and lonely. Lucy's heart was heavy as lead as she moved about the house, striving to prepare from the scanty means at hand some tempting dish for the listless invalid, striving to sing as she went about her ceaseless avocations that he might believe her happy and buoyant, and never suspect how many and many a day the tears rained down her wan cheeks even as her voice was uplifted in some old ditty he loved. Their means were wellnigh exhausted; the prospect of starvation was not alluring; provisions were scarcer and scarcer every day, and when they could no longer buy there was no one from whom they could ask aid, even if her pride had not revolted at the idea. Henry sent everything in his power, but captain's pay in Confederate money was not a fortune in the spring of '63, and became a pittance on which a Chinaman could barely live within the year. Shut up in his room, the Judge knew not how, one by one, the cocks and hens had been converted into broth or chicken *fricassée* for his benefit until all were gone. That he was still nourished by the flesh of the domestic fowl was due to Nelse, and a predatory ability and concomitant manufacture of statements for which may Heaven give the old darky absolution. Nelse stoutly swore he found the chickens "up the hill," where they had established a colony supposably beyond reach of marauders.

Lucy Armistead's heart must have been sorely torn with care and anxiety by this time, for when Falconer appeared she almost welcomed him.

"You see how father is failing, Captain Falconer, and Dr. Loring has not been near us for a fortnight. I feel as though Henry must be sent for, and can I ask you to get this letter to him?"

"You can ask anything of me, Miss Armistead. You well know that my house in Warrenton is vacant; you know it is at your service and his. *Can* you not induce him to move thither—can I not induce you?"

She rebuked him gently, almost wearily. Her uplifted hand looked fragile and white, and her face was wellnigh as pale, though a faint color rose at his words. "We have long since agreed that it was impossible, captain," she said. "Do not—do not speak of it. He would not go; I—could not."

"You could move him thither this very night, Lucy, and to-morrow have him in comfort and safety, and Henry only another day away. Here everything is against him, and any moment we may be driven out beyond the Blue Ridge. We know a big column of cavalry is now in front of Washington preparing to move upon us. Once they regain possession your last chance is gone. Our scouts and pickets were attacked at Fairfax and Chantilly this very morning, and I know that Mosby expects an advance in force to-night. It was this that brought me here. Can I never reach your heart?"

He would have continued, but she checked his words.

"Look! is not that one of your sergeants riding in?"

The captain turned. It was just twilight, and growing darker every moment. The man who entered the gate threw his horse's reins over a post, and saluting Captain Falconer from the foot of the steps, held forth a letter.

"Bring it here!" said the captain. "Where are you from?"

"From Aldie, sir. A column of Yankee cavalry went through the Gap at daybreak and is over in the valley behind you now. Another is pushing out from Centreville. The 'Rangers' are ordered to cover the pike and fall back on Warrenton—so the lieutenant told me when I got in with despatches. He told me to take a fresh horse and ride up to you."

Falconer opened his letter slowly.

"What troops have we out toward the front now?"

"None, sir, north of the Warrenton pike at Groveton. As soon as it was known that the Yankees pushed through Aldie, everything was ordered down to confront the other column; but they're too heavy for us, and our whole force is falling back to Gainesville now—and won't stop there."

"By Jove! Then there's nothing between us and Sudley Springs yonder?"

"None of our people, captain."

"Miss Armistead, I must see the Judge one moment, and then hasten away to join my men. This is just what I have dreaded. Sergeant, mount your horse and lead mine out on the road. I will join you in a moment."

Five minutes later he came hurriedly forth. It was nearly dark, and Hannah placed a dim light on a table in the hall. Old Nelse came staggering through with his arms filled with firewood, and nearly collided with the captain. Anxious to send her message to Henry, yet unwilling to have the servants suspect her apprehensiveness, Miss Armistead motioned to Falconer to go on.

"I will accompany you to the gate," she said, as they descended the steps. "Tell me, does your letter say whether this is a large force—one that will hold the neighborhood for any length of time?"

"I fear so. It looks so."

"Then put Henry on his guard. I have written to him to come at all hazards before the end of the month. *Now* I can no longer communicate with him. Warn him not to make any attempt until the way is clear. Adieu—and thank you for your kindness."

She turned, trying not to see his out-stretched hand; then relenting, placed hers one instant in his, and regretted it, for he quickly bent and kissed it fervently, then sprang into saddle and spurred rapidly away.

The next instant a tall figure burst through the hedge close by her side, and stood silently before her. One quick glance was enough. Despite the felt hat pulled low over his brow; despite the full beard and the shrouding cloak in which he was enveloped, she knew him instantly—her lover, her rescued one, her patient of the year agone—and despite herself a low glad cry leaped from her lips; her heart gave a great bound as she impulsively threw herself toward him; then she stopped short and covered her face with her hands.

"Yes, it is I," were the words that greeted her. "I could not bear it any longer. I had to see you again or go mad. It is best so, I suppose. Tell me—that was Captain Falconer, was it not?"

She looked up startled. She hardly knew his voice; it was so changed—so stern, so sad.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLORADO'S NEW SENATOR.

By the selection of Mr. Edward O. Wolcott as her next United States Senator, Colorado does honor to a man who in many respects is a conspicuous illustration of the advantages offered by the new West to men of natural ability and untiring energy. In the strict interpretation of the term, Mr. Wolcott is not a Western man. He is an Eastern man who has made unusually good use of Western opportunities.

Mr. Wolcott's first experience in the West was obtained at Chicago, whither he drifted soon after leaving Yale College. He had few friends and but little money, yet he set out to practise law in the Illinois courts with all the serene confidence and undaunted courage that formed so striking a characteristic of his nature in after-years. By some strange freak of fortune his abilities were not widely recognized in Chicago, and to improve his chances in life he removed to Denver. It is said that his determination to leave Chicago was caused in part by an unfortunate love affair, in which an ambitious parent refused to give his daughter to so poor and obscure a lawyer as young Wolcott. It is further said that the daughter in question grieved for a long time over the unhappy ending of her engagement. An air of probability is given to this romantic little story by the fact that Mr. Wolcott is still a bachelor.

In Denver Mr. Wolcott began the practice of law with more success than he had met with in Chicago. He soon became known as a good orator and a shrewd political manager. His merit as a lawyer was quickly established, and it was not long before he had as much business as he could handle. Later on he confined his energies to railroad cases, and in time was retained by the Denver and Rio Grande and the Burlington Railroad companies at salaries aggregating $30,000 a year. He still receives these two salaries, in addition to large fees earned in miscellaneous cases. His income is said to be larger than that of any other lawyer in Colorado.

With these means constantly at hand, Mr. Wolcott is always liberal and sometimes lavish in his expenditures. He is one of the best known buyers of books and pictures west of New York. A Chicago bookseller has a standing order to send him anything worth buying, no matter what the price.

In politics Mr. Wolcott is ostensibly a Republican, but he does not hesitate to step one side when the course of the party does not suit him. During his recent canvass for the Senatorship he had all the Republican leaders against him, yet, as he had watched the election of members of the Legislature last fall with some care, he had little difficulty in making good his claim to the Colorado seat in the Senate. In age Mr. Wolcott is not more than forty. Hard work and grave responsibilities have left few finger-marks on his still fresh and handsome face. His brother Henry R. Wolcott, a Denver capitalist, is his political yoke-fellow and social companion.

COUNT HERBERT VON BISMARCK.

The common desire of famous fathers to have their sons succeed them in the following generation is rarely satisfied. By many this is regarded as an evidence of what is known as "fate." Might not one better consider it as proof that intellect, like matter, is subject to a force similar to that of gravitation, which draws downward, and which can only be overcome by counterforces, such as rare energy, exceptional ability, and opportunity? John Quincy Adams and William Pitt are among the very few statesmen who have equalled or surpassed illustrious fathers. That Count Herbert von Bismarck will ever equal "the Iron Chancellor" in statesmanship probably no one believes, but his intellectual and political training has been so remarkable that the basis of the doubt must be in the conviction that such grand opportunities will not recur, rather than in the belief of lack of ability in the son. At Herbert's age—thirty-nine—the great Bismarck's career had hardly begun. His many student duels were still remembered in Göttingen; in Pomerania his name was familiar, for all the people had heard of his daring pranks and drinking bouts, by which he had gained the name of "the mad young nobleman"; he had served three or four years in Parliament, and shown a furious temper, and had made a small beginning in diplomacy—that was all; he had given no sign of genius, no proof of statesmanship.

Herbert, the elder of Bismarck's two sons, was born at the end of 1849. He was educated at Frankfort, Berlin, and Bonn, at the last of which cities he took his university degree. When the war with France began, Herbert was only twenty-one, and his brother William only eighteen, but both joined the army. Both were also wounded in the charge of the Prussian Dragoon Guards at Mars-la-Tour. Herbert's political career began as long ago as 1873. He was first attached to missions in Munich and Dresden, and then became Secretary of Legation at Bern. From the first, Bismarck seems to have planned to make his son his successor. Except where great distance rendered it impossible, young Bismarck has constantly been his father's confidential secretary. When the great diplomatists of Europe met in Berlin in 1878, the Chancellor made ample provision for the diplomatic apprentice by having him act as one of the assistant-secretaries. That he might give special attention to different languages and customs, he was for some time connected with the legation at London, then with that at St. Petersburg, and finally advanced to the position of German Minister at the Hague. By 1885 his progress had been so satisfactory to his father that the latter thought it time for Count Herbert to begin to learn how to play the great game of diplomacy at Berlin. He was therefore recalled and advanced to the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. Since then he has been promoted to the Secretaryship, and in his diplomatic position ranks next to his father. An education in diplomacy could not be more complete or more logical; and it might be doubted if there was ever another one so much so.

Since the advent of the youthful Emperor the old Chancellor seems to find great pleasure in seeing the two men of the future yoked together and parading before all Europe as if they were the real leaders of Germany. Young Bismarck has been the almost constant companion and adviser of the Emperor in his recent travels. Unless this intimacy ceases, or the present Chancellor dies within a year or two, everything seems to indicate that Count Herbert will be his father's successor. The German Secretary for Foreign Affairs has recently come into special prominence, and been severely censured by many of the English and American papers, owing to an unofficial correspondence between himself and the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. The Cologne *Gazette* had accused Sir Robert Morier of having betrayed the confidence of Frederick William to Marshal Bazaine during the Franco-Prussian war. Count Herbert is believed to have assisted in the circulation of this report. Sir Robert obtained a denial of the story from Bazaine, and then in a very undiplomatic tone requested Count Herbert to cause the false story to be retracted by the official press. But the last, taking advantage of the situation, declined to comply with the request.

In personal appearance Count Herbert is one of the very few handsome men one sees in Germany outside of the army. Like his father, he is over six feet in height, and is of splendid proportions. His face is finer than his father's, and consequently does not show so much intense personal energy. Instead of the father's fine bald head and white mustache, the son has a heavy growth of dark brown hair and a dense mustache of the same color. F. B.

THE RECENT TORNADOES.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

That the year 1888 has been remarkably free from the ravages of tornadoes was largely due to the coolness of last summer. But in balancing the rigid account that nature seems to keep in the equal distribution of its destruction, the new year opens with a loss of life that maintains the average.

The most striking instance of destruction due to the group or series of simultaneous tornadoes that swept through Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and southern New York State occurred at Reading, Pennsylvania, at 4.30 on the evening of January 9th. A silk-mill containing 265 operatives was torn to pieces, and about 200 people seriously injured, 23 dead bodies having been recovered as early as the afternoon of the 11th. At about 200 miles directly west of Reading, on the same day, but as early as 2 P.M., another tornado exerted its power upon a new brick building on Diamond Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The front of the building had not been put in, and the wind entered the huge shell and tore it to pieces with unusual ease. About 40 men went down with the wreck, of whom 17 were killed. The usual scenes of horror were repeated so often observed in like instances, and the cities of Reading and Pittsburgh were touched here and there by tornado funnels that pursued their inevitable northeasterly course.

Again, on the same day, and still later, a tornado struck South Brooklyn, and manifested the same kind of destructive effect. It tore to pieces a new frame building on Bush Street, facing Gowanus Bay, and threw the débris to the left side of its whirling track, clearly denoting the usual tornado movement, which is against that observed in the hands of a watch. This Brooklyn funnel had elements of great destructive power, but fortunately reached nearly to the ground in perhaps only ten or twelve instances as it sped on its usual southwest to northeast track to the Marine Barracks in the Navy-yard. After leaving the ruins of the house in Bush Street it bounded into the air and left only slight traces of its action, such as lifting a skylight or the edge of a roof, until it reached the gas-works of the Citizens' Gas Company, a distance of about a quarter of a mile from its first descent upon the house in Bush Street. Its next disastrous action was upon the three huge gasometers, one of which, nearest the southwest, was displaced to such an extent that its gas escaped and was ignited by a street lamp or other flame near at hand. The explosion was tremendous, and in a few minutes it was followed by that of another of the gasometers, at the farthest point from the tornado's track. The windows and parts of the brick houses just across the street were wrecked, and some frame houses at the other side from which the wind came were set on fire and charred, their windows broken, and the inmates almost suffocated by a tremendous rush of escaping gas.

Careful investigation of the testimony of a large number of people in the neighborhood demonstrated that the roar of the tornado was heard before the first explosion of gas. The manner in which the huge iron pillars were thrown prostrate indicates clearly the action of a tornado, because they were thrown northerly and westerly. The latter direction is an inevitable indication of tornado action, because the momentum of the whirl always casts some of the objects toward the west. In this case, however, the explosion of the gas seems to have changed the direction in which the débris was thrown to a northerly course. Lighter objects would have been thrown by the tornado to the west, and then in a circle eastward, where they would have been dropped. After leaving the gas-works the tornado continued its northeasterly course, here and there nipping off a roof or a corner of a building, until Myrtle Avenue and Canton Street was reached, when it again began another descent toward the earth. Lieutenant Finley has found from prolonged study of the tornado phenomena that nothing built by the hand of man can withstand its terrific force. Its bounding tendency, whereby only roofs and corners are at times taken, sometimes creates an impression that it does not destroy to the foundations owing to its lack of strength. That this is an unsound theory is shown by the complete destruction in places at Camden and Westwood in New Jersey, at Wallingford and Winsted, Connecticut, and in many other instances in the Eastern States.

The sinister dipping of the Brooklyn tornado toward the ground began to be clearly manifested as the track reached Myrtle Avenue on its way to the Marine Barracks. Brick-work and chimneys began to be bitten off two or three feet below the cornices here and there, as if a huge iron hammer five hundred feet wide had swept through space with resistless force. It then withdrew a little for a few blocks, and passed over some high buildings, and then with a long slanting plunge it swept down upon the gate leading to the barracks, tearing down a huge tree two or three feet in diameter, and pulling outward one of the inner gates with such power that a solid stone pillar two feet square was twisted partly around. At this point the funnel probably made its closest approach to the earth, so far as observed. It then made for the barracks, rising slightly to a height of about ten feet above the ground. When it reached the building everything above ten feet in height was swept away for a distance of about five hundred feet directly across the storm's track, and so definite was the destruction that objects within a few feet of the edge of the path were not moved. Nothing but blank space was left, indicating that above the distance of about ten feet from the ground nothing successfully resisted this huge crashing sledge-hammer stroke. The brick-work, plastering, beams, and fragments of wood in the rear of the structure were arranged mostly in a half-circle. Part of the roof cut a circular track northward, westward, and finally eastward, thence back upon the barracks, as shown by the trail of other fragments of roof that followed it. Many lighter splinters and pieces were carried to the northeast for a long distance, as were also pieces of tin roof that had been rolled into wads. The writer has reported many destructive tornadoes for the Signal Service, and in nearly every particular the ruins of the barracks cannot be distinguished from those caused by the usual Western funnel. After this last severe dash of the funnel, the Brooklyn tornado seemed to vanish, thus making its track not less than two miles long. Its movement from the start to the probable finish was very rapid. As far as can be ascertained from many witnesses, it struck the gas-works at 7.40 P.M., and the Navy-yard at 7.42. It seemed to move along its whirling track at the rate of about a mile a minute. In fact it was so rapid that it was considered almost simultaneous all along its line, as traced from the observations of different clocks.

The cause of all this trouble was evident to the Signal Service observers by 8 A.M. on the 8th, when a storm centre, central at Little Rock, Arkansas, had begun to assume a peculiar and sinister shape. Its outline extended about 800 miles north and south, and was only 200 miles in width. It had been noticed for many years by Lieutenant Finley that a storm centre having this ominous oblong form—north and south extension—has in it the elements of very serious mischief. It has also been found that when the barometric contrasts are great for a limited region, and the storm attains rapid headway, any sudden veering of its track eastward will cause innumerable tornadoes in the warm, moist, fair, and showery weather about a thousand miles in a southeasterly direction. The storm centre usually manifests heavy, steady rain for a distance of perhaps 500 miles across its path, and although the wind may be excessively high, it blows direct. It does not manifest the minute twisting, tearing, local effect of a series of tornadoes, although their tracks may cover about the same extent of territory seen in the main storm centre, with its steady heavy rains and high persistent winds.

Lieutenant Finley, Chief of the Tornado Investigation Service, has kindly put in concise shape the striking traits of this remarkable storm of the 8th and 9th. He found first that a heavy rush of cold air from the northwest had forced the storm area into the compact narrow form before noticed. Meantime there was a rush of warm moist air from the Gulf northward along the Atlantic coast, a large volume of it, about 500 miles across, moving over western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio in the direction of Lake Erie. Cold air then pressed southward on both sides of this relatively small warm wave. The barometer at Chicago, Milwaukee, and Grand Haven, Michigan, read at 8 A.M. on the 9th as low as 28.96, which indicates a condition of things that would cause some people to hide among things in the cellar had they known it. Not one storm centre in several hundred shows so low a barometer as this. Sergeant Long, of the Greely arctic expedition, says he cannot remember an instance since his connection with the Signal Service in 1881. At 8 P.M. on the 9th the wind at Buffalo and Niagara was moving at the rate of 72 miles an hour. This carried away the well-known foot-bridge that extends across the river below the Falls. The warm and cold air thus moved in opposite directions, and the combat between them resulted in tornadoes being developed still farther west than Pittsburgh, in eastern Ohio, where a tornado has already been reported, and where there were doubtless others, particulars of which have not yet been sent in to the Signal Office.

The heavy rain or dampness of the main storm, especially when it is crowded by cold fair-weather conditions and the rush of heated air northward, gives rise to the tornadoes; hence their possible prediction with increasing certainty at an early day. The main storm is watched by meteorologists with profound interest, and the day is not far distant when the people will look for the destructive effects sure to follow in a day or two. The uncertainty of local rain predictions is well known, but not the almost certain results foreseen by the Signal Service in case of an advancing storm of great severity. Of course the accuracy of the forecasts is lessened by the partial disappearance of telegraphic communication during the advance of a great storm eastward, but even then its course is practically certain within narrow limits of variation.

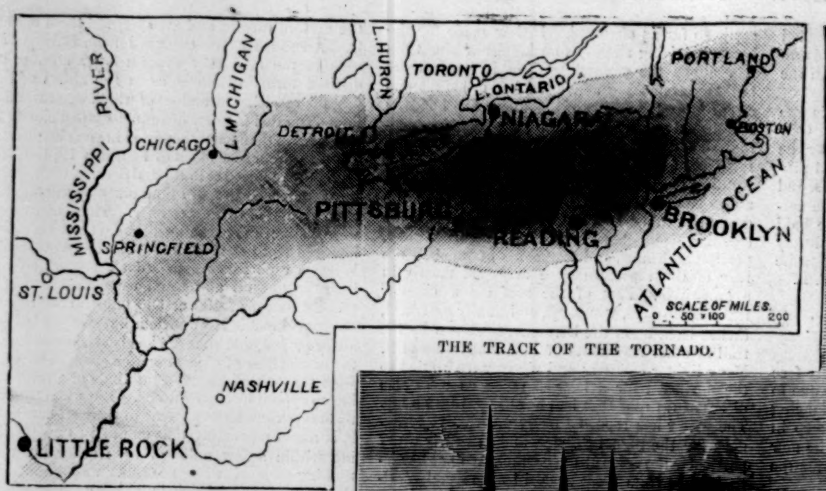
A glance at the records shows that tornado-breeding storm centres do not very readily cross the mountain ranges on each side of the Mississippi Valley. Their favorite stamping-ground for the settlement of weather disputes is in the relatively level valleys. The storms that usually pursue their way to Europe seem to be diverted somewhat along a northeasterly course by the high mountain ranges that extend from northern Georgia to northern New York. This action is by no means steadily sustained, because some storms pass not only across the Rocky Mountains coming from the Pacific Ocean, but also across the ranges in the Eastern States. Sometimes the momentum of a storm carries it close in toward the eastern ranges, and even beyond them slightly. A sudden curve eastward from Chicago, as seen in the map, may cause a large number of distinct tornado funnels, as in the storm of the 9th, the resulting tornadoes of which we are studying. The real number of funnel-shaped clouds is rarely more than partly reported in such instances. The forty-four tornadoes of February 19, 1884, as originally reported to the Signal Service, were afterward increased to more than sixty by the careful examination of further reports. These tornadoes were distinct and pursuing different tracks of a few hundred feet in width and several miles in length. When a report comes in from a section so visited, the natural and usual conclusion is that a general storm of 400 or 500 miles in width has been accompanied by a furious but steady wind for a day or two, and that the local destruction is due to peculiarities of objects or to a straight-blowing wind that manifests different kinds of power, owing to special local conditions. But when the tornado reporters have all sent in their observations it is found repeatedly that one of two people living within a few miles of each other knew of nothing unusual, while the other was terrified by the sight of solid brick buildings torn to pieces and scattered for miles in the open country along a northeasterly but narrow track. In every case of this kind, as in the Brooklyn tornado, it is found that there is a definite track of a mile or two in which houses have been touched here and there by a passing destructive power that leaves very fragile things untouched just beyond the range of its path.

A warm northward-blowing wind during about ten days always accumulates conditions that lead to tornado development. This dangerous state of affairs is evinced in various ways. The weather is continuously and unseasonably warm and moist. The breaking up of this is shown by singular and rapid cloud movements, very dark and bright in texture. The clouds nearer the earth may be more fleecy than those higher up, which are distinct in quality, as seen through breaks in the lower cloud layers. When the tornado of October 4, 1885, occurred at Westwood, New Jersey, twenty-one miles from New York city, these cloud peculiarities were especially noticeable. A very heavy shower that comes and goes in about a minute or less can always be looked upon as indicating danger from a tornado near at hand, especially when different kinds of clouds are in motion as above described.

Careful study of tornado wreckage in the West, in New Jersey, and in the Connecticut River Valley shows clearly the best position to take in a house or cellar when the roar of the tornado is approaching. Of 600 tornadoes specially classified by Lieutenant Finley, all but 35 moved in a direction nearly from southwest to northeast. As already hinted, this direction can be considered as almost inevitable. The safest position in any structure above the cellar is in the northeast corner of the room or building. The south and west walls of buildings are often torn out, but the skipping motion of the funnel may spare the north or northeast walls. The position is still very dangerous, however, because timbers are often thrown into position against these north walls. It is better to be in this corner and pinned in than to ascend into the tornado funnel with a cloud of flying bricks from the south or west wall. Sometimes timbers are wedged against a northern wall, and protect the occupant from injury. Any position above the cellar is perilous, because the whole building may be torn down, as at Reading. The front and upper floors of a solid brick building are often torn away, leaving a rear wall uninjured. Sometimes the front of a brick house and half of an upper story will be torn out, the articles in the room being open to the sky, but uninjured. But while above the cellar floor the safest position is that farthest from the southwest approach of the tornado's track, the reverse is the case in a cellar, because if a frame, brick, or even stone building is lifted and ground to pieces, the broken timbers are usually thrown against the north wall or into the northeast corner of the cellar. The advance of the funnel shifts the débris further on, and the return whirl seldom carries rubbish back against the south cellar wall, which acts as a protection against the flying bricks and beams of other houses.

One of the most unexpected results of remaining in the house during a tornado occurred at Hohokus, New Jersey. The family heard heavy roaring approaching at night, and suddenly found their house in motion. It was a frame one, and when it settled down it was so twisted on its foundation walls that one corner of their cellar was open to the sky. They had found the night before to their dismay that the house had been severely strained, and that not a door or window could be forced open. Their calls for help were heard by one of their neighbors passing along the road. With great difficulty, and with the assistance of others, a window was pried open, and the family escaped by climbing through it one by one.

Owing to high buildings that shut out the sound in a great city, the roar of an approaching tornado cannot always be heard for an appreciable length of time before the crash comes. In the silence of the country it can easily be heard for fifteen or twenty minutes ahead of its arrival. Nearly all tornadoes form during the latter part of the day, the greatest number occurring between 5 and 6 P.M. Fortunately very few are recorded as taking place during the late hours of the night. When out-of-doors the safest direction to take to escape a coming funnel is easily studied out when it is remembered that any southwest or northeast course is to be avoided as being at least partly parallel to the storm track. Northerly directions should not be taken, because, although the path of the tornado is only 500 or 600 feet wide, yet very many of them tend northerly, especially on the Atlantic coast. Southeast directions are the safest when there is positive knowledge of the points of the compass.


MISSISSIPPI RIVER
L. MICHIGAN
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TORONTO
L. ONTARIO
NIAGARA
PORTLAND
BOSTON
CHICAGO
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PITTSBURG
READING
BROOKLYN
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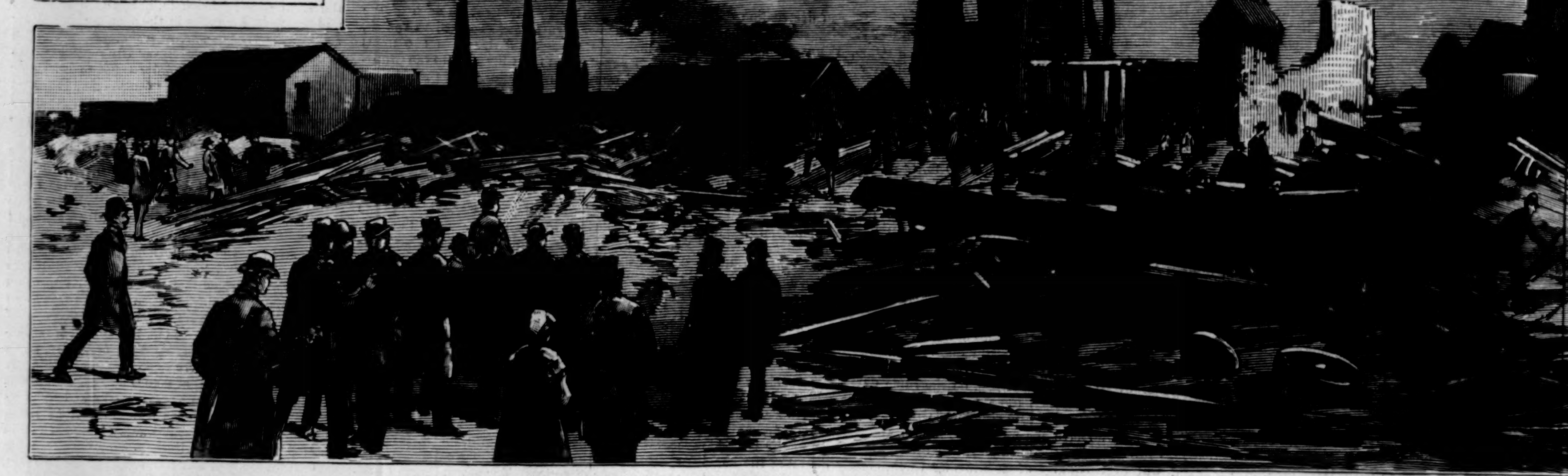
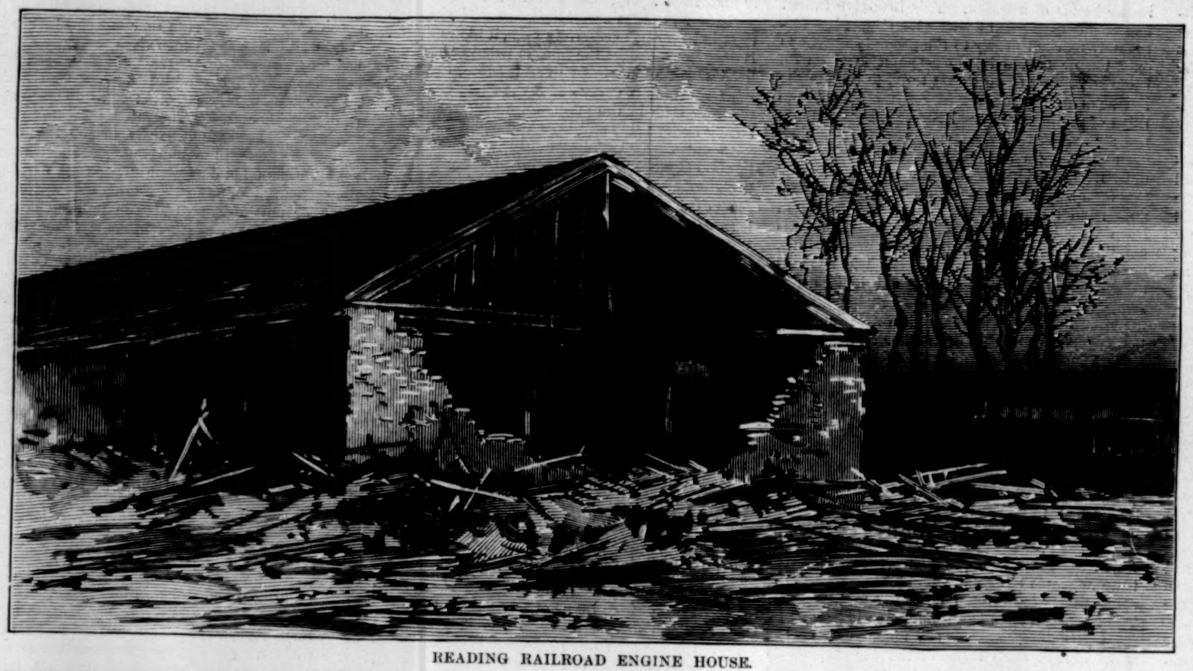
ST. LOUIS
SCALE OF MILES 0 50 100 200
NASHVILLE
LITTLE ROCK

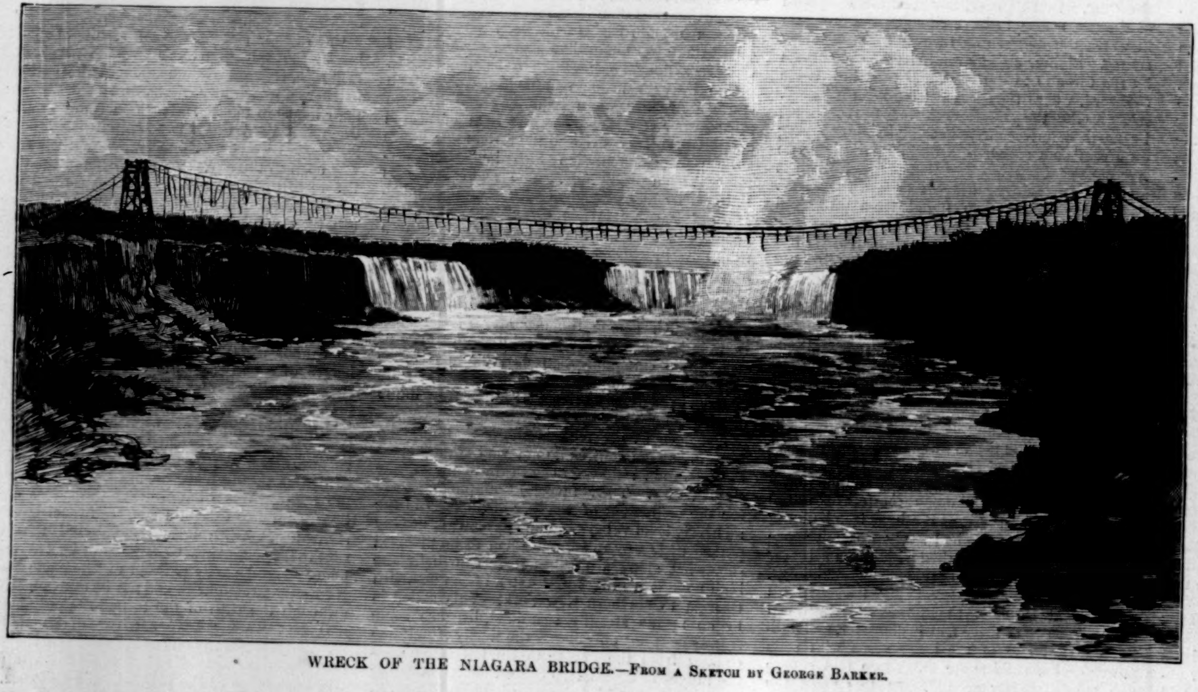
THE TRACK OF THE TORNADO.



READING SILK MILL.



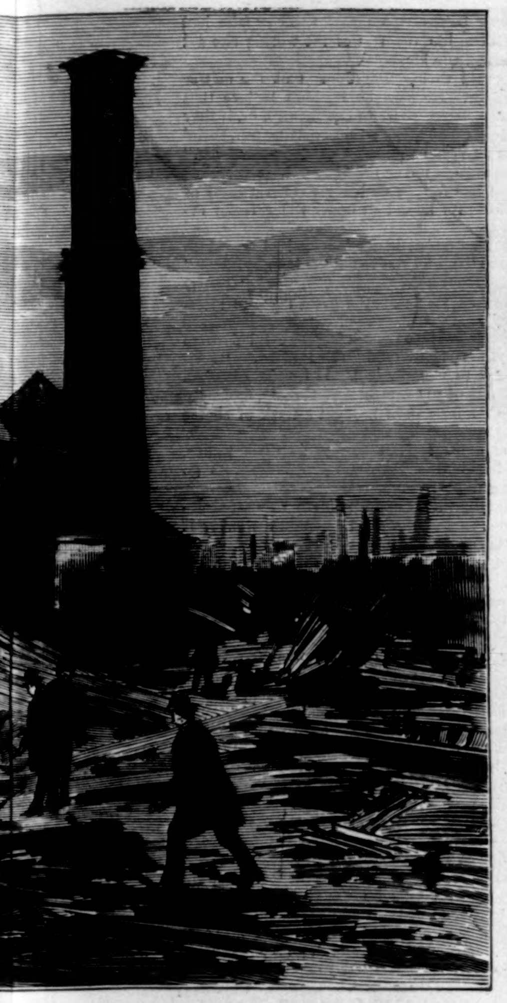
READING RAILROAD ENGINE HOUSE.

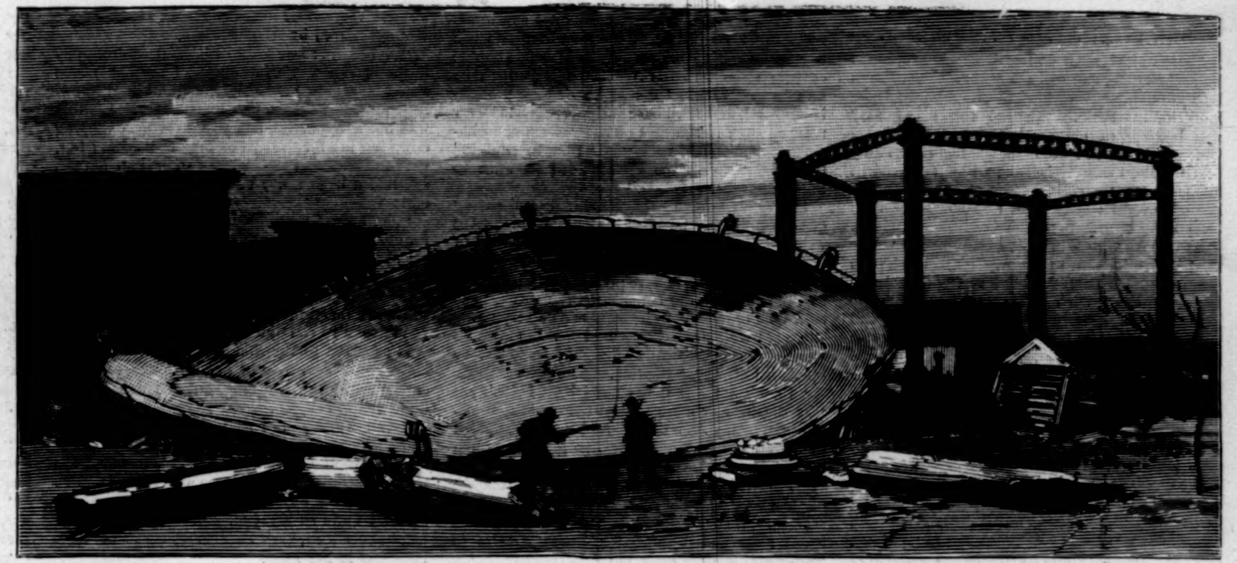


WRECK OF THE NIAGARA BRIDGE.—From a Sketch by George Barker.

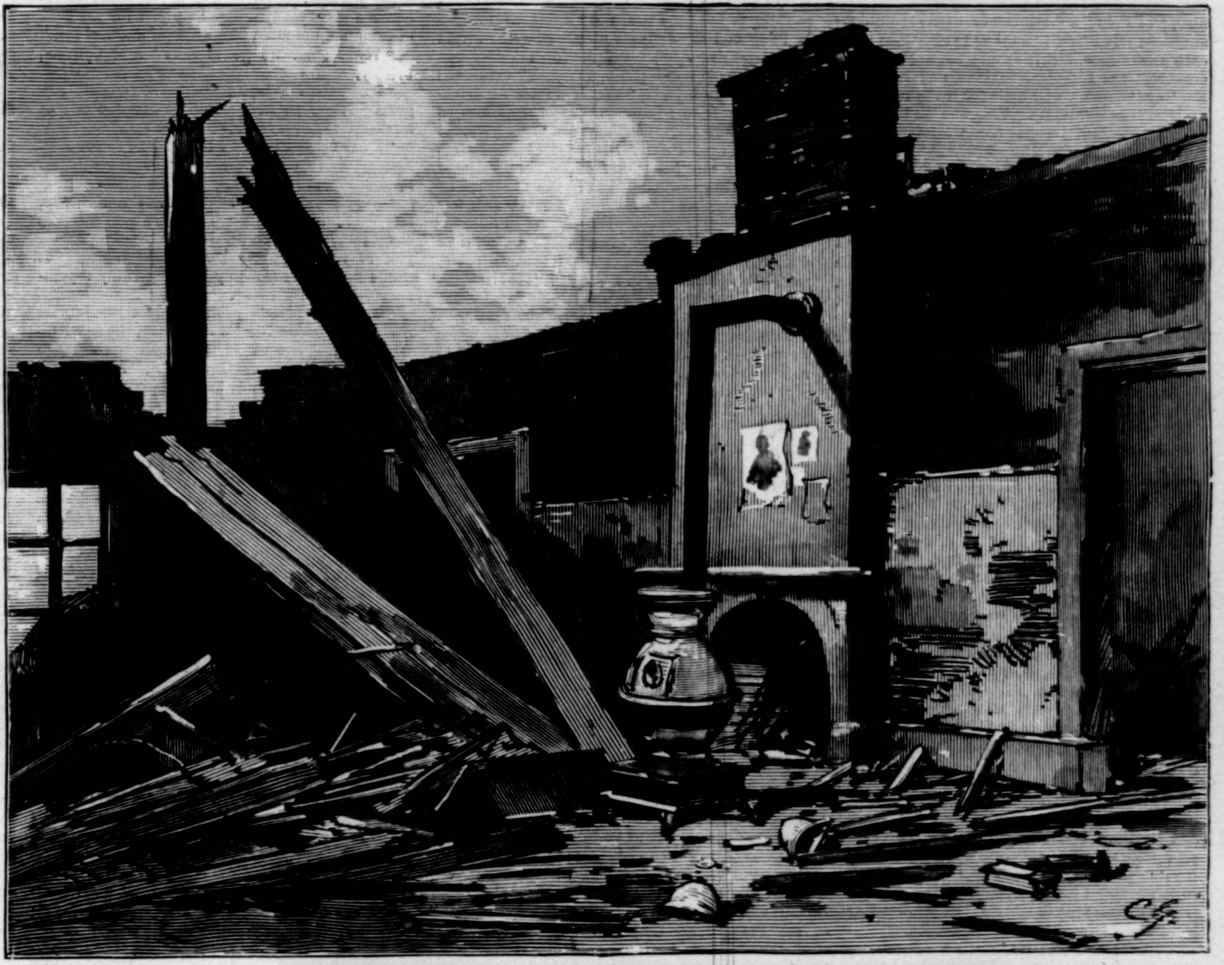
FRONT OF WILDER'S BUILDING ON BR

THE WORK OF THE TORNADOES AT PITTSBURGH, READING, BROOK

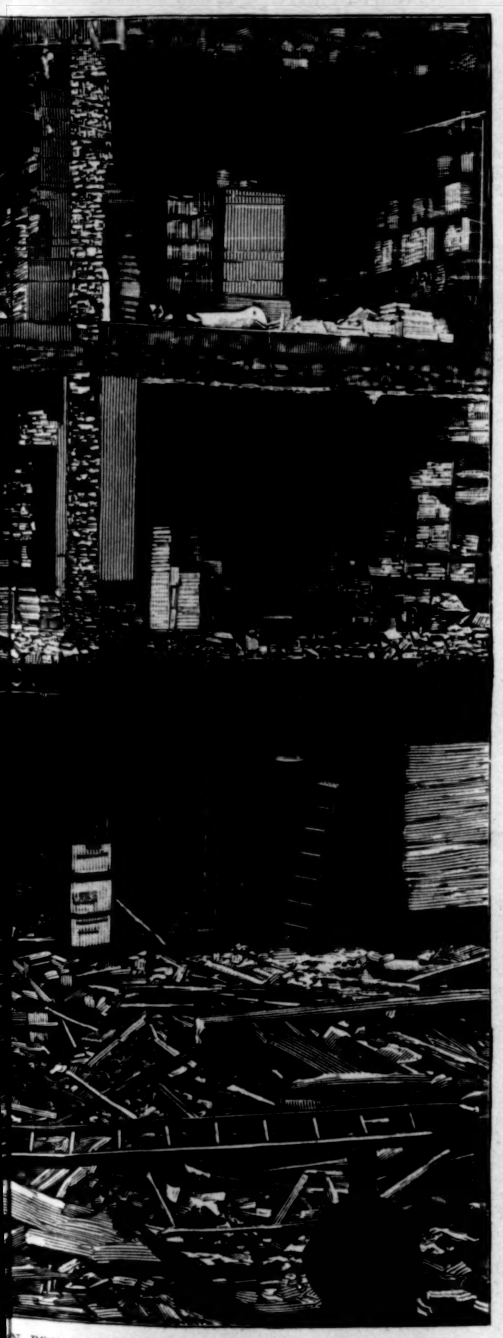




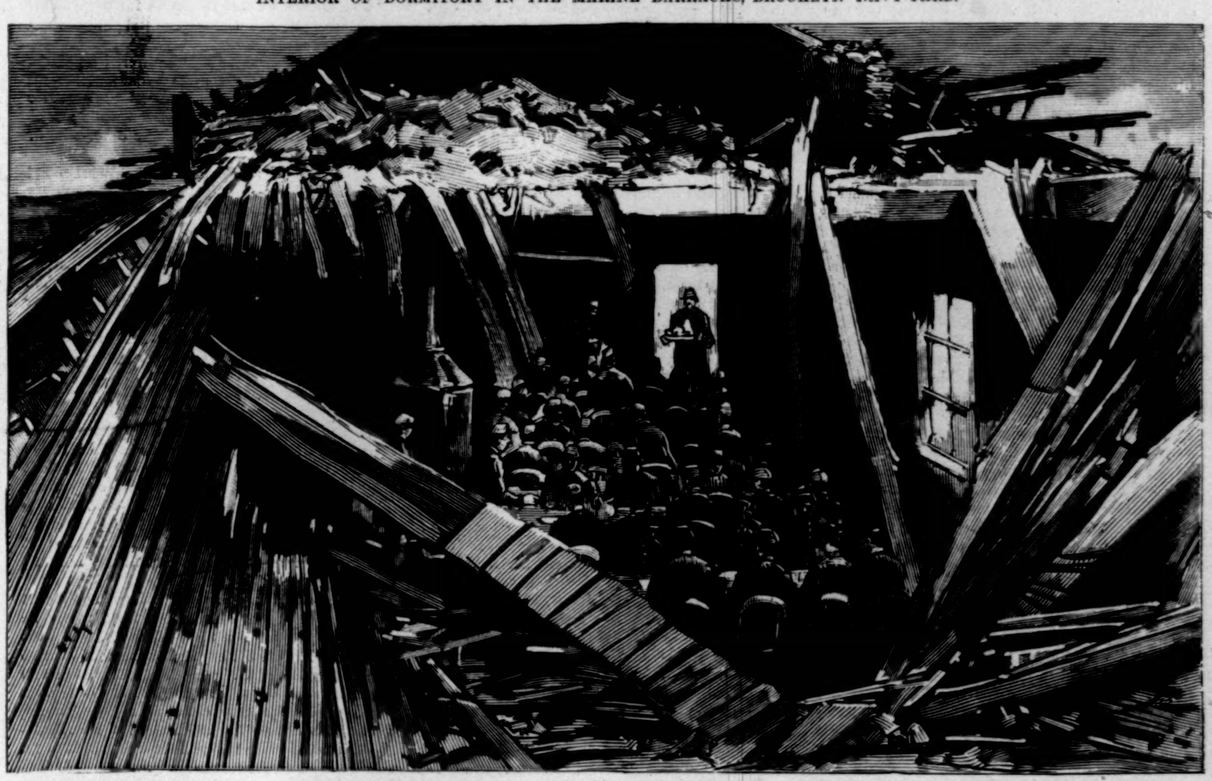
WRECK OF THE BROOKLYN GASOMETERS.



INTERIOR OF DORMITORY IN THE MARINE BARRACKS, BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.



N BROAD STREET, PITTSBURGH.



MESS HALL, MARINE BARRACKS, BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.

OKLYN, AND NIAGARA.—From Sketches and Photographs.—[See Page 47.]

SENATOR JAMES McMILLAN.

The new Senator from Michigan was nominated by acclamation, and will take his seat next March by the unanimous vote of the Republican legislators of his State. Whether this spontaneity was because of his previous slight connection with politics or in spite of it, the fact is certainly remarkable, being, it is said, without precedent in Michigan. He has been an inconspicuous member of several conventions, and has more than once been chairman of the Central Committee. That will constitute his sole experience in public affairs until he goes to Washington. But he has always led his party wisely and victoriously, so far as he has led it at all. And in private life his career has been broad and successful beyond the ordinary. His biography is just such a one as it is inspiriting for struggling folks to read. He comes of good pure Scotch stock, his father being an immigrant who won a superior position on the Great Western Railway, now the Wabash. It was at Hamilton, Ontario, that his distinguished son was born, on May 12, 1838. After an ordinary education, and a six years' apprenticeship in the hardware business, mostly in a retail store, he became by his father's help purchasing agent of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railway. In 1864 he began his independent business life by organizing the Michigan Car Company. A quarter of a century has sufficed to make him the head of corporations in Detroit employing three thousand men, and doing a business of over six millions annually. It would be useless to catalogue those enterprises here, but it should be noted that he organized the Detroit, Mackinac, and Marquette Railway Company, and built for it the road from St. Ignace to Marquette. This was the beginning of the important Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic line, which owes its success chiefly to him. This is not a career calculated to make a debater, and if Senator McMillan should turn out to be an orator or an imposing figure in the brilliant life of the national capital, it will be a surprise. But wherever sound judgment, well-applied industry, and leadership of men are appreciated he will take high place. He is modest, popular, charitable, and a Presbyterian. He has a wife, a son in business with him, another son studying law at Yale, and two other sons and a daughter of school age.

"YENDER GRASS."

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

They had talked about it for a long time beforehand, Cynthia being always careful that the door into the kitchen should be shut. It was not only that she doubted the discretion of Abby Slocum, their "hired girl," but she felt somewhat sensitive as to what Abby might think; and then there was the matter of example. Cynthia always thought a great deal about the example that she set. It was Priscilla who had broached the subject, with fear and trembling; she expected to be overwhelmed by Cynthia's horror and amazement. She was aware of a certain light-mindedness in herself, and she thought Cynthia must be aware of it too, although she had never reproved her for it, but only looked at her a little sadly sometimes when it cropped out. It was this forbearance of Cynthia's, together with the recollection of a night when she had gone into Cynthia's room in search of a cure for toothache, and found her burning the midnight oil over a novel whose lightness was indubitably proven by its name, which had given her courage for this avowal. The novel had never been mentioned between them; whence it came or whither it went remained a mystery to Priscilla. She had sometimes permitted herself to wonder whether Cynthia had had accomplices or accessories before the fact—there was a circulating library at Plumfield—but it seemed disloyal even to conjecture. Then there was a suspicion of a magazine story on a Sunday afternoon, hastily hidden from observation under Cynthia's large Bible; this, being only a suspicion, Priscilla determined to drive from her mind; but there was a lingering comfort in the thought that Cynthia had weaknesses. It was just after the midnight surprise that Cynthia had prayed in meeting so fervently that many were moved to tears, the burden being human frailty and temptation. It was not customary for women to speak in meeting in East Hadleyville, but the meetings were sparsely attended and few of the men had "a gift," and when the silence became painful, and eyes wandered dully toward the clock, and when Deacon Sproat's voice had cracked singing stirring hymns all in vain, then the sorely tried minister would look appealingly at Cynthia, on whom nature, in apparent lack of sympathy with St. Paul, had bestowed a remarkable gift of prayer and exhortation. And it was generally thought that St. Paul himself would have made an exception in favor of old Parson Williams's elder daughter. Parson Williams had ministered to the parish of East Hadleyville for forty years. A rigid and austere man, his parishioners had not loved him, but they had reverenced and believed in him. Most of them cherished no doubt that it was the part of true godliness to be rigid and austere, and only the weakness of human nature prevented them from emulating him in these respects. Nevertheless, they found his daughter Cynthia distinctly more satisfactory, because, along with her father's stern virtues, she "had consid'able mother to her," as the older people were accustomed to say.

She was rigid in doctrine, but she was tender toward sinners and their frailties; she gave of herself and her slender means unstintingly to the sick and poor, whether just or unjust; she was "a saint if ever there was one." One could confide a comfortable bit of gossip more easily to Priscilla; and if she wasn't so good in sickness, she had a great knack at trimming a bonnet; and what cream-cakes and méringues she would make and send in just at the nick of time when one had been surprised by company! If some envious souls had darkly hinted that Priscilla loved a pretty bonnet too well, they were promptly snubbed, and such base insinuations had never reached even to the ears of Abby Slocum, an important personage, who was "free to confess" that she "wa'n't too high-minded to want to know what was goin' on."

It was, as I have said, the startling discovery of some traces of frivolity in Cynthia which gave Priscilla courage to reveal the audacious wish of her heart.

"They are going to have private theatricals over at Plumfield for the benefit of the church," she said, feeling herself to be as wise as a serpent.

"Yes; Mary Jane Kidder told me. I'm afraid it will make a great deal of discord; some are so opposed to it," said Cynthia.

"I don't see why they should be. I don't see why they're any more wicked than a fair, an exhibition, or any such thing," said Priscilla, boldly. Cynthia looked at her over her glasses with a little mild surprise.

"I'm glad nobody in our church has thought of such a thing," she said, with a slight touch of severity in her tone. "It would be just like Stella Fling and the Judkins girls. They're so well-meaning, dear girls, but light, very light."

Priscilla's guilty conscience made her feel as if she were included in Cynthia's slow, mournful shaking of the head over the "lightness" of Stella Fling and the Judkins girls. She was afraid her courage was going to fail, after all.

"This makes me think, Priscilla," continued Cynthia, more briskly, "that if we are really going to Boston to get our new cloaks we may as well go before the fair. There are some worsteds and such things that I want to buy."

The way was being paved for her; Priscilla felt a lurking suspicion that it was the work of the Evil One, but she determined to conquer her shrinking. Her training had led her to the conclusion that one couldn't really have a good time without allying one's self, more or less, with him, and she was conscious of a desperate recklessness in herself.

"It will seem real good to go," she said, with a long-drawn sigh. "It's five years now since we went—the fall that we had our brown cashmeres and beaver cloaks with the jet on them."

"We laid out our money well; they've worn," said Cynthia, with great satisfaction in her tone. "All but the jet trimming," she added, after a moment's reflection. "I can't say that I ever really approved of that."

"And we haven't been anywhere since, and not a single thing has happened," said Priscilla, ignoring the implied reproach of the jet.

Cynthia adjusted her glasses and looked at her sister as if in search of some visible sign of mental aberration. Priscilla had hitherto confined her discontent to the privacy of her own bosom.

"*Nothing happened?*" echoed Cynthia, in a tone of extreme surprise. "Why—why, there was the protracted meeting last winter, and the winter before; and Uncle Jeremiah's dying and leaving us the wood-lot; and Abby's setting the house afire with her soap-boiling; and—and finding out for certain that Deacon Favor wasn't all he ought to be; and going to Lemuel's silver wedding—I declare I feel dreadfully that Joe has married so's to break their hearts, as Jane wrote; and—and the burglar that we shut up all night in the granary, and that turned out to be half-witted Iky Blunt come to borrow a cup of yeast; and the new minister, and his never saying anything about having been married—so many *mercies*, sister!"

"Yes, I know I'm wicked not to think of that," said Priscilla, meekly; "but it's so monotonous!"

"Monotonous! Why, sometimes things seem so exciting that my head flies round," exclaimed Cynthia. "Here's this going to Boston; we sha'n't sleep nights for thinking of it, and we shall be all worn out, and I should be afraid it was downright wicked, if it wasn't for saving so much on our cloaks."

"Cynthia, there's something I want to do when we go to Boston," said Priscilla, with desperate courage. "I've wanted to all my life, and it seems as if I couldn't stand it to think I never should! You know father read Shakespeare, and he knew that I did, and he never said anything against it. I want to see a play—to go to the theatre, Cynthia!"

"O—'sh! 'sh!" said Cynthia; and then she arose and shut the door into the kitchen, where Abby Slocum was beguiling the toil of dish-washing by energetically singing "He'll carry you through."

Priscilla had expected that Cynthia would overwhelm her with reproaches when she came back, but instead, after looking apprehensively toward the front door, and making a motion as if to pull down a window-shade, she dropped into her chair, and leaning toward her sister, said,

"I expect it's wicked, Priscilla, but—I want to, too!"

Priscilla fairly gasped for breath. If Satan were the inspirer of this desire, he had Cynthia also in his grasp! It was too much to believe. Strangely enough, Priscilla felt the enormity of her proposed wickedness as she had never felt it before; but in the next moment her heart beat high with reckless hope.

"We'll go, Cynthia, won't we?" she cried.

"O—'sh!" said Cynthia again. In fact, Abby Slocum had ceased to give utterance to her comforting assurance, and the clattering of dishes which had accompanied it was also hushed. The sudden closing of that door, combined with the sound of lowered voices, was apt to overcome Abby's principles.

"It's my duty to see that they ain't goin' to be sot on nor nothin', them innercents," was the way in which Abby Slocum accounted to her conscience for her weakness in the matter of key-holes. The opinion cherished by Cynthia that she was very astute in the practical affairs of life was not shared by Abby Slocum.

"Nobody need ever know it, so it can't do any harm in the way of example, Cynthia," urged Priscilla, who had the sisterly advantage of knowing the weak joints in Cynthia's armor. Cynthia was not a hypocrite, she was capable of laying down her life for the cause of righteousness; but, with the curious inconsistency of human nature, she had a keen sense of the sin of being found out.

"Perhaps it wouldn't be so very wicked, just for once," said Cynthia, meditatively. "And then we should know just how bad it really was, so that we could warn others more effectually, especially the young. Of course the pleasures of the world are much more likely to be a snare to the young than to you and me, Priscilla."

It occurred to Priscilla that the youth of East Hadleyville were not in great danger of being corrupted by theatre-going, but she was far too diplomatic to say so.

"And when you're so far away as Boston it 'most seems as if you'd left yourself behind you," Cynthia went on, reflectively. "Not but what we're accountable beings everywhere, so of course it isn't a right way to feel; but the responsibility isn't quite so great on account of the example," she added, with an evident sense of some lameness in her logic.

"Oh no, it isn't the same," said Priscilla, with great warmth. "Of course people deny themselves a great many things only just for the sake of example, and not a soul will ever know of this."

"What shall we go to see?" said Cynthia, briskly.

"I borrowed a Boston paper at Deacon Langer's. If we go next week we can see one of Shakespeare's plays—*As You Like It.*"

"I've always thought I should like to see *East Lynne*," said Cynthia, eagerly; "but perhaps one of Shakespeare's wouldn't seem so wicked."

Priscilla didn't know what *East Lynne* was, and she wondered how Cynthia knew, but she caught sight of a guilty color in Cynthia's face just in time to prevent her from asking. It would be too great a pity to bring chilly repentance upon Cynthia now.

"I'm glad there's plenty of love in *As You Like It.* Cynthia likes a love-story, though I always thought she would be burned at the stake before she would acknowledge it," she said to herself.

"We've always been thinking we'd go up to the Athenæum to see the books and pictures again, and we have never had time," said Cynthia, somewhat remorsefully. "And next time we go we *must* choose the time of the missionary meetings. I don't think, anyway, we shall enjoy it as much as we expect—the play, I mean. I guess Deacon Prouty is right about the pleasures of the world being all 'yender grass.'"

"I don't see how he knows; he never had any," said Priscilla, pityingly.

Deacon Prouty had made that assertion about the pleasures of the world a great many times in prayer-meeting, and he always explained it at length. "When I'm a-mowin' in the field," he would say, "the grass mebbe is ragged and full of weeds, but when I look ahead a consid'able ways it looks all fair and harnsome, and thinks I, 'over yender it's all slick and smooth mowin''; but sakes alive! when I git over there if it ain't jest as ragged, or mebbe worse! But seems as if I never could learn to stop puttin' faith in yender grass. Jest so it is with the pleasures of the world; they appear beautiful and enticin', but when we git to 'em they ain't nothin' but yender grass. They ain't nothin' but ashes to our thirsty souls." (The good deacon's figures were apt to become badly mixed at this point; but meaning was more than metaphor to the honest souls in the East Hadleyville prayer-meeting.)

"I've always wanted to get as far as 'yender grass' once, and see what it was like," said Priscilla.

And, strange to say, Cynthia offered no warning against levity. She only said that she thought cloaks were likely to be higher as the weather grew colder, so the sooner they went the better.

Meanwhile, Abby Slocum, on the other side of the key-hole, was in a state of utter collapse.

"The theatre! Seems as if I must 'a' mistook! I wouldn't 'a' believed it! Them lambs! They don't know what they're a-doin'. If they set under Elder Tozier, and heard him talk about the theatre, they'd know better'n to resk their immortal souls! I'm 'most afraid they ain't speritual, them kind of mild Congregationals. Summer 'em and winter 'em they seem like Christians, if ever folks did, but they're jest babes about some things, pertikerlerly Miss Cynthy, that thinks she knows it all. They can be took in jest as easy! That's how 'tis that they hain't no realizin' sense about the theatre. But there's an orfle responserbilerty restin' on me 'count of happenin' to overhear 'em! If they should get into one of them dens of infamy, such as Elder Tozier says theatres is, I don't know as they'd ever get out alive with their poor perishin' bodies, to say nothin' of their souls. But how be I a-goin' to stop 'em? I guess I'll speak to Jonas; he's real clear-headed, Jonas is; and, anyhow, I shall feel a sight better to feel that the responserbilerty ain't all on my shoulders."

Jonas worked on an adjoining farm, and meant to have one of his own before long, where he and Abby should set up their household gods together. Abby's anxiety and excitement were so great that she so far sacrificed her discretion and sense of her own value as to run out to the barn to see Jonas when he came, as usual, at night, to milk the Misses Williams's cow: ordinarily Jonas was constrained to put on his Sunday coat and a purple necktie, and knock at the side door in proper form, before he was admitted to the presence of his lady-love.

Abby poured out her tale in broken gasps over the brown back of old Betsey the cow (she had her reserves, like the rest of the world; she did not mention the key-hole).

It seemed to her that Jonas took the matter very lightly. He said he couldn't believe that they really meant to go to the theatre, or, if they did, "mebbe 'twouldn't be no great matter, seein' they wa'n't very liable to be carried away by it." And Jonas hadn't even the excuse that the Misses Williams had for not realizing the wickedness of the theatre, for he did sit under Elder Tozier every Sunday.

"I can't stan' it to let 'em go! I've got to try to stop 'em, and you've got to help me, Jonas."

"I shouldn't calc'late, now, that Miss Cynthy was one that would stan' a great sight of interference," said Jonas, prudently.

"Sakes alive! you don't suppose I'd dare to say anything right out?" cried Abby. "I always have to manage 'em. If I should happen to have one of my dretful sore throats, now—"

Jonas's honest gaze brought a flush of shame to Abby's cheek.

"You know I don't like to do them things, Jonas, but before I'd see them innercents go headlong to destruction—"

"We might kind of foller 'em," suggested Jonas, somewhat shyly. "I shouldn't wonder if there was some house-keepin' things that would come cheaper now than what they would in the spring. We might slip over to Plumfield, and take the train and get into Boston about the same time they did. There's consid'able many theatres in Boston, though. You didn't happen to hear 'em say which one they was goin' to, did you?"

"I heard Miss Cynthy say *Athenæum*, but she said something about *Lynn*, too."

"There is a theatre in Boston that's called by that kind of a name," said Jonas. "I know right where it is. You jest wait a minute." Jonas drew from his pocket a newspaper, which bore signs of having passed through many hands. "Here it is; the —— Athenæum. 'Last week of the —— Company. Goes on the circuit next week, appearing in Lynn Monday night.'"

"That must 'a' ben what they was talkin' about. Oh, Jonas, who would 'a' thought it! We might kind of keep an eye on 'em. I'd appear right before 'em if I saw 'em goin' into such a place. Miss Cynthy wouldn't go if she thought any one saw her, I can tell you. If I can manage to get away without their suspectin' anything, Jonas, I believe it 'll be a real good plan."

Three days after this the Misses Williams took the morning train for Boston, their hearts filled with a fearful joy. The matter of winter cloaks had become a minor consideration; there seemed to be danger that the fancy-work for the church fair would be quite forgotten. Priscilla was surprised at the determination which Cynthia showed; she looked anxiously about the train to see if there were any East Hadleyville people among their fellow-passengers, but when she had assured herself on that point all her misgivings seemed laid at rest. Indeed it seemed to Priscilla that she herself was suffering more qualms of conscience than Cynthia. That sense of having allied herself with the Evil One was growing, and poor Priscilla, not being given to philosophizing upon inherited prejudices and unconsciously assimilated ideas, ascribed it all to conscience. But in spite of feeling horribly wicked, in spite of any dark retribution that the future might hold, she would not give up her longed-for delight; she was as determined as Cynthia, who was, apparently, only afraid of being found out.

The shopping was got through with in a perfunctory manner, of which they were incapable under ordinary circumstances, and it afterward rankled in Cynthia's bosom that they had given a dollar and a half more than was strictly necessary for the cloaks.

They went by the theatre twice, lacking courage to go up to the ticket office, which was besieged by an eager throng.

"Somebody will certainly see us if we act like this, Cynthia," said Priscilla, forgetting all scruples in a dreadful fear that Cynthia's courage was going to fail her at the last; and thus adjured, Cynthia walked unflinchingly up to the office, with Priscilla in her wake, and, wholly bewildered by the plan laid before her, bought the first seats proposed to her, regardless of the price, although they had firmly resolved to pay as little as possible.

"I hope we ain't encouraging actresses that ain't what they ought to be, Priscilla," she said, anxiously, as they pressed with the crowd through the doors, which, to Priscilla's fancy, had always seemed guarded, like the gates of Eden, with a flaming sword. It was quite surprising that it was all so ordinary; just such quiet, well-dressed people as one might see going to church. Cynthia, nevertheless, whispered that it made her think of the broad way.

She had a great fright, too, almost as soon as they were seated, thinking that she saw the light side-whiskers and prematurely bald head of young Josiah Wiggin, who assisted his father in keeping the East Hadleyville store, and made periodical trips to Boston for goods. Priscilla had much ado to calm her and convince her that she was mistaken.

"He was in my Sabbath-school class: what *would* he think, Priscilla?" she said. Priscilla thought it would be impossible after that for Cynthia to find any pleasure in the play; but no sooner had the curtain risen than she was utterly absorbed. Priscilla had time, in the midst of her own enjoyment, to observe the radiant, childlike delight in her sister's face.

"Oh, ain't it beautiful!" she said, as the curtain fell on the first act, her worn face working with smiles and tears. "It would be no use to tell me that that Rosalind wasn't a good girl, and the other one must be, or else she wouldn't go with her. No wonder you look at me, Priscilla! I *am* getting mixed up and carried away!

But I can't see that there's a mite of harm in it so far!"

But in the middle of the third act Cynthia suddenly arose, white and trembling, and seizing Priscilla's arm in an iron grasp, drew her, amazed and reluctant, out of her seat and to the door.

"Priscilla! Deacon Prouty! He was looking right down at me from that upper gallery! He looked terribly stern; but he's near-sighted; do you suppose it's possible, Priscilla, that he didn't see?"

"Deacon Prouty! how can you be so foolish, Cynthia? He never came to Boston but twice in his life. I think I saw the man you mean; he did look just a little like Deacon Prouty. Step forward a little and you can see him now." And Priscilla tried to draw her forward past the solicitous ushers, who were afraid the lady was ill. But Cynthia drew back determinedly.

"I couldn't go back, anyway, Priscilla. Maybe it isn't Deacon Prouty; it doesn't seem as if he would come here. I was enjoying it beautifully when it seemed to come across me what an awful thing it would be to die there and have it in the papers; and just then I happened to look up there and saw him; it did look a sight like Deacon Prouty, Priscilla."

The latter clause was offered in an humble tone with a propitiatory glance at Priscilla's perturbed and disappointed countenance. The doors had closed behind them now, and Priscilla seemed to be swallowing something very hard.

A glimpse of poor Cynthia's woe-begone face changed her mood.

"Never mind! it will be something to imagine always—how it ended. We can read the play and picture it all out in our minds." Priscilla tried to smile pitifully.

"I guess I was to blame, Priscilla." This was an unusual concession for Cynthia.

She sat silent all the way home in the cars, an earlier train than they had expected to take, and Priscilla was wholly occupied in "picturing out" the rest of the play in her mind; she thought she should feel almost reconciled if she could only imagine just how Rosalind would look when she donned her woman's dress again.

They stopped at the post-office on the way home from the station to get the *Christian Messenger*, which always came Saturday, and found a letter also.

"I expect it's from Jane," said Cynthia. "She does feel so bad about Joe that it's a comfort to tell some of her own folks of it, seeing Lemuel won't have his name mentioned in his hearing."

"Lemuel is stern," said Priscilla.

"Yes, but he's good; he's like father. I wish we were all as good as he is," said Cynthia.

She read the letter as soon as they reached home, only waiting to untie her bonnet-strings.

"Priscilla, it's a play-actress that Joe has married. Jane says she wouldn't tell us the worst at first, because Lemuel told her to break it to us gently. Oh, Priscilla, our only nephew, and we used to hope before he ran away to sea that he would be a minister like his father and grandfather. What is this that Jane says? He is obliged to go away immediately on another voyage, and she is not strong enough to go with him; she has always been delicate, and she hasn't any own folks, and he can't bear to leave her among strangers, and he wanted his father and mother to take her home. Laud sake! Of course Lemuel wouldn't hear to it, and just think of the scandal 'twould make—a play-actress! Well, well!" Cynthia plaited and puckered her bonnet-strings nervously, the letter fell down at her feet, and as she reflected her expression changed.

"Let's have her here, Priscilla! Let's have Joe's wife right here! We've got a comfortable, pleasant home, and we could take such good care of her while Joe is gone. I feel as if He had let the wrath of man praise Him, Priscilla, for I never should feel so charitable if I hadn't yielded to temptation, going there when I thought 'twas wrong—I did, Priscilla; and if I hadn't seen, too, that play-actors—some of 'em, at least—wa'n't so bad as I thought they were."

"But, Cynthia, people will know—they'll be sure to find out what she is!"

"Let 'em!" Cynthia drew herself up to her full height. "I've been too much afraid of the face of clay; that's been borne in upon me too, to-day. I ain't going to be any more, if I can help it."

Her voice faltered a little on the last words. The sisters fell to planning eagerly how to make their prospective guest comfortable and happy. Phœbe the cat washed her face vigorously, and the gray parrot shrieked Amen (which he had learned from the family prayers) until Cynthia, who thought him profane, muffled his cage.

"It's a little strange that Abby should stay so late," said Cynthia at length. "I'm afraid her cousin is sick again. And Jonas hasn't come to milk yet. I suppose he has gone over to bring her home, as he did the last time she went to Plumfield."

When at length Abby did arrive she seemed much perturbed in mind; but then she "always was upsot by bein' behindhand," Abby declared.

"I expect you must 'a' come home consid'able early?" she remarked, interrogatively.

"Yes, we came in an earlier train than usual," replied Cynthia. "There, Priscilla," she added, "we might have gone up to the Athenæum as well as not, if we'd only thought of it."

Abby started and stared at her. "Where'd you say, Miss Cynthy?" she said.

"To the Athenæum; it's up on Beacon Street; there are books and pictures there; it's a beautiful place to go."

"Oh," said Abby, with a lingering accent.

As Cynthia was going up to bed that night Abby called her back. (Priscilla had gone on before.)

"I've got something on my mind, Miss Cynthy, and, 'tain't no use, it's got to come out. I've disgraced my Christian perfession, Miss Cynthy! I've fell into dretful sin, and I've dragged Jonas in too—him that ain't a perfessor, and that I've been tryin' as hard as I could to set an example to. I didn't calc'late to do it; it was a kind of a mistake; but that ain't a mite of excuse for me, for it come from my own wicked heart a-leadin' me to suspect them that's saints if ever there was any—"

"Abby, what have you been doing?"

"Miss Cynthy, it's worse'n anything you'd think of if you should guess a hunderd times! I've ben to the theatre in Boston, Jonas and me! We didn't calc'late to, but I can't never tell you jest how we come to. 'Twas some kind of an Athenæum, but it wa'n't the kind you go to; 'twas a real theatre! And there was what they called a ball-et; Jonas calc'lated it meant a little ball. There was a terrible sight of women dancin', and they had little mites of skirts that skurce come to their knees. I should think there was as much as fifteen or twenty of them little skirts to a woman; and the way they blowed out when they went to caperin' round! And there was gold and di'monds a-flashin', and music a-playin', and I declare, Miss Cynthy, if it wa'n't a pretty sight; but it wa'n't no place for men-folks! But Jonas he didn't seem to want to come away, and there was something about it that kind of drawed you. Miss Cynthy, we never come away till it let out!"

Cynthia was listening with a vivid color in her soft, elderly face, and the lamp shook in her hand. "The *theatre*, Abby? I—I can't seem to understand," she faltered.

"I wouldn't have believed it of myself a week ago," said Abby, mournfully. "Now, Miss Cynthy, do you think I'd ought to go before the whole church and confess, or if I should jest go private to Elder Tozier—"

"Why—why, Abby, I don't see why you need to tell anybody," said Cynthia, quickly. "'If we repent and forsake our sins'— And maybe you can find lessons in it, Abby."

"I calc'late I can, Miss Cynthy; more'n what you know of," said Abby, fervently. And perhaps she was thinking of the key-hole.

QUATRAINS.

I.—THE DEAD OAK.

Around its storm-rent head
The spring-like ivy's clinging still serene,
As love about the memory of the dead
Twines ever fresh and green.

II.—THE BLIND MAN.

Happy the blind man in his dreams to go
Through sunny meadows rich with flowers fair,
And wake at morn in darkness, and not know
The day and its dull care.

III.—APPRECIATION.

All gnarled and bent she knows the beauteous trees,
Crooked the lovely streams, and hills up-piled,
And only beauty, perfect beauty, sees
In the wan form of her misshapen child.

R. K. Munkittrick.

AMERICANS ABROAD—BUYING FLOWERS.

A very worthy gentleman, one of our most distinguished American comedians, has long set his heart on the plan of establishing one or more flower markets in the principal cities of the United States. "Special shops for the sale of exotics for the rich is well enough, but why should flowers—all kinds of flowers, I mean—be enjoyed only by the few and not by the many? Let us have more flowers. Display them at various seasons in the public places, and with an increasing demand their cost would diminish." Fruits and vegetables come to New York, Philadelphia, Boston, during every month in the year, sent to the points of demand from all parts of the country; but with flowers the business is exceptional rather than general. We do get the cut flowers, but why not the growing plants? We have refrigerating cars which bring us fish or beef from the Ultima Thule. What is to prevent our heating our cars, and bringing to us in their perfection all the growing flowers of the South? What wreaths of gold are those the Carolina jasmine might furnish, and what beauty there is offered in the japonicas of Georgia! There are contributions to be sent to the North from all the Southern States. Take any old open track in lower Florida, and see the pretty, fragrant opopanax growing wild, and think of it were it potted and transported North. What a delight it would give! Grant that the lives of some of these plants would be but brief; nevertheless more than a transient pleasure would be given. We have not made advances in a commercial way in New York with flowers, as has Paris and London. Paris draws contributions from all France; London to-day has just developed a very large business, receiving flowering bulbs from the Scilly Islands. In New York we have no flower market. In the spring there is an occasional street corner where there is huddled a meagre display, or on the gutter edge, amid ugly surroundings, a few pots are put in a straggling way.

Mr. Smedley's sketch shows an American traveller and his wife in Paris, and the locality is near the Madeleine Flower Market. A *bouquetière* is offering flowers. She has stepped beyond her hedge of blooming plants with her pretty lure. The artist shows an air of extreme comfortableness about our Americans. The lady is rather prim, and one might suspect that, though she has respect for a sedate flower in an orderly flower bed, she cares a good deal more for really sound vegetables. The gentleman is not of the same disposition as his wife. He will buy the flowers and will present them to his wife. He is an observant tourist, for Mr. Smedley, seizing the man's facial expression, shows that he has a kind of comprehensive appreciation, and contrasts it with the rather narrow and prim views of the woman. We even believe that the handle of the lady's parasol, barely imposed on her husband's arm, acts as a reminder, or implies that he is a trifle too impressionable to suit her exacting tastes. The *fleuriste* asks two francs for her flowers. A Frenchman would have thought one franc dear for them. The American hands out five francs and disdains the change. But then a bouquet-holder certainly adds grace and gives completeness to flowers.

THE PLAYERS.

On the last night of the year 1888 a scene of uncommon beauty and significance was visible in the new club-house of the Players, in Gramercy Park. On that night, and just before the death of the old year, the members of that club assembled for the first time, and were formally installed in their home. The assemblage began to convene about eleven o'clock, and soon upward of a hundred gentlemen, destined to become hereafter the comrades of every-day life, were gathered in the cheeriest of parlors and around a spacious fireplace awaiting the signal for the beginning of a new career of festival and happy fellowship. Among the Players wre Edmon S. Connor, James E. Murdock, and John Gilbert, the oldest actors, of national reputation, who survive in America. It was near twelve o'clock when Mr. Edwin Booth, the founder of the club and its first President, taking his stand upon a dais in front of the hearthstone, formally addressed his associates, and in a brief speech, marked by deep feeling, great dignity, and winning sweetness of manner, together with perfect sincerity and simplicity of language, presented to them the title-deeds to their club-house—the building No. 16 Gramercy Park, next to the mansion of the late Samuel J. Tilden—which, with all its unique furniture, beautiful and rare works of art, and costly decorations, is his personal gift to the club. The applause that greeted him was emphatic, and it came directly from the hearts of all who heard his voice—for every heart felt the absolute earnestness of his quiet words of truth, and recognized the simple and noble generosity of his conduct. No speech was ever in better taste, nor was there ever a good deed done with more exquisite grace, humility, and sweetness. Mr. Augustin Daly, Vice-President of the Players, responded to Mr. Booth's address, fitly remarking upon the opulence and significance of the gift, and accepting the club-house, not alone in the name of the Players now existent, but also in the name of generations of Players yet to come.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett, who has had a principal hand in helping Mr. Booth to accomplish the organization of the club, followed Mr. Daly, and after a graceful and fervent expression of his sympathy with the purpose of the Players and with the feeling of the occasion, read a touching letter from Mr. Booth's daughter and only child, Mrs. Edwina Booth Grosman, presenting a wreath of laurel to be placed on her father's head, and enclosing a poem commemorative of the occasion, by Thomas W. Parsons, of Boston, the distinguished author of that noble ode on Dante which is one of the immortal gems of American literature. The poem will be found in the next number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Barrett, who excels in this special field of elocution, read the lines with felicity of taste and cordial warmth of feeling, and the effect of them was that of pleasurable interest and excitement. At one line, beginning "Tragedian, take thy crown," a deep-toned clock near by suddenly and solemnly boomed forth the midnight hour. To Mr. Booth the letter and tribute of his beloved daughter and the poem from his old friend were altogether unexpected and a complete surprise; and those who stood by and saw his emotion knew that his heart was deeply touched. Not often in a lifetime occurs a moment so memorable and so fraught with feeling as that moment was when Lawrence Barrett extended to Edwin Booth the wreath of laurel sent from a daughter's love, and then and there consecrated with the blessings of a host of friends. Mr. Booth said a few faltering words in reply, and directed the lighting of the Yule-log, also his daughter's gift, and summoned and set in motion the loving-cup of the Players. On the card that came to him with the wreath from his child was written the inscription, culled from Shakespeare—and nothing could be more appropriate—"Hamlet—King—Father." The loving-cup is the one that was given to William Warren in 1882, in honor of his fiftieth year upon the stage, by Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Mary Anderson, Lawrence Barrett, and John McCullough. It is a massive and uncommonly handsome cup, and is inscribed with all these names. Warren, who died on September 21st last year, bequeathed it to Jefferson, and Jefferson has given it to the Players. As soon as this had circulated the formal services to dedicate the club came to an end, the supper-room was opened, and the Players, obeying the Shakespearian injunction to "apprehend nothing but jollity," devoted the rest of the night to the enjoyment of their festival.

In that way was ushered in the happy New-Year of the metropolitan stage. For in Edwin Booth's design, to which he has given an expression so substantial and so practical, the establishment of the Players is to augment the social comfort and influence of actors, and thus to exert a beneficial power upon the stage. The club-house is one of rare beauty; but it is not upon opulent and lovely surroundings alone that the renowned tragedian and leader of his profession chiefly depends in this enterprise of brother-like affection and professional honor. He has sought to establish an institution in which influences of learning and taste shall be brought to bear upon the members of the stage—a place where they may find books and pictures, precious relics of the great players of the past, intellectual communion with minds of their own order and with men of education in other walks of life, refinement of thought and of manners, innocent pleasure, and sweet and gracious and ennobling associations. The club library is already considerable, and many treasures have been promised to it. One sequence of the club will, it is hopeful, be the preparation of a comprehensive, minute, thorough standard history of the American stage. Great care has been exercised in the selection of members, and it is anticipated that no element unfriendly to art or culture or gentleness will ever obtain an entrance to this garden-ground of social happiness. The club will represent all that is best in the dramatic profession, and will labor to foster the dramatic art and to exalt the standard of personal worth among the actors of America.

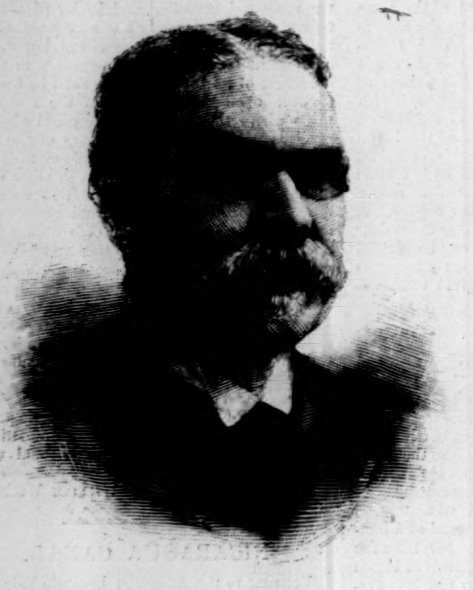
William Winter.

NICARAGUA CANAL.

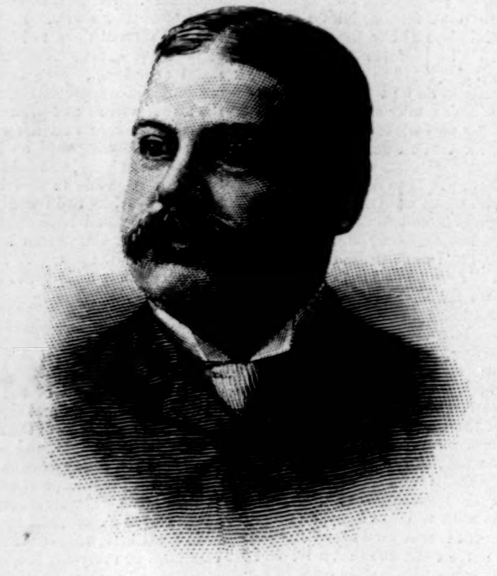
Visitors to the American Institute Fair must have been struck by an object exhibited there for a few days, which, at a moment when the American Eagle is jealously scrutinizing the attitude of the French government with regard to the abortive and distracting Panama Canal, assumes no small degree of interest and importance. This was the working model of the projected Nicaragua Inter-Oceanic Ship-Canal, designed and constructed by Mr. Vaulx Carter, who has been awarded the contract for the work by the canal company, in open competition with several skilled engineers, his design having been selected both on account of its intrinsic merit and its applicability to the difficulties of the situation. Mr. Carter is a young man of Southern birth, but has resided for the greater part of his life in Brooklyn. He was educated at Swarthmore College, and at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis. While at the latter place he became permanently lame, and since then he has devoted himself to drawing, engineering, and designing, for the last of which he has a decided natural taste. Mr. Carter holds at present the position of Instructor in Mechanical Drawing and Mechanics at the Hebrew Technical Institute, New York, and this interesting and ingenious model, which is now on its tour of the principal cities of the United States, is the product of his spare time.

The preliminary history of the project has been already detailed in these columns. Coming down to the year 1887, we find that in March of that year a contract was signed with the Republic of Nicaragua by a representative of the Nicaragua Canal Association of New York, securing to the Association exclusive right of way through the territory of the republic, for the construction of a ship-canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The route chosen has been surveyed several times—twice by expeditions sent out by the United States Navy Department. The detailed estimates of the cost of construction, amounting to $60,000,000, have been examined and accepted by eminent engineers in this country and in Europe, and a force of competent engineers and surveyors was quite recently in Nicaragua making final surveys for the axial location of the line of the canal. The Association has secured from the government of Nicaragua a most liberal concession, allowing a period of two and one-half years within which to begin operations, a grant of 1,000,000 acres of land, and immunity from taxation and all imposts for a period of ninety-nine years. The Association asks no aid from the government of the United States.

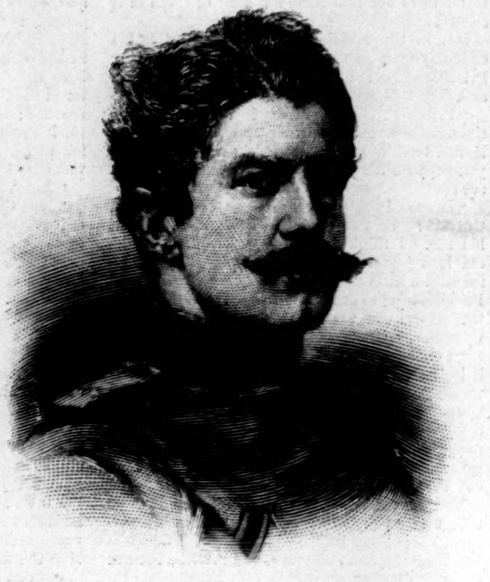
The canal will extend from Greytown, on the Caribbean Sea, at the mouth of the San Juan River, on the east, to Brito, on the west, a distance of about 170 miles, the summit-level of the canal being 110 feet above the mean sea-level. Of this distance, however, only about 30 miles are to be actual cutting or excavation, leaving nearly 140 miles to be navigated on Lake Nicaragua and the river San Juan—an enormous advantage to start with. The San Juan is already navigable for vessels of light draught, and it can easily be deepened. The summit-level is to be reached by three locks from the Atlantic and three from the Pacific. These locks will be capable of admitting the largest ships afloat, the length of the chambers being 650 feet, and the width 65 feet. At one point, near the confluence of the San Juan and the San Carlos, an artificial lake will be created by the construction of a dam across the San Juan and an embankment across the San Carlos, which will serve as a basin for the gathering of ships, where they may repair, and which will also facilitate their passing in opposite directions. From Toro Rapids to the lake the river is never less than 1000 feet wide, with a depth of 26 to 150 feet, requiring some dredging and rock-blasting. Across Lake Nicaragua, a distance of 56 miles, a depth of 28 feet is obtained until within a short distance of the Rio Lajas, the entrance to the western division; there, too, some dredging and rock-blasting will be necessary. Ships may thus unobstructedly sail or steam from Rio San Carlos up the broad waters of the San Juan, majestic forests or picturesque settlements on either hand, and here and there some old fort like Fort Castillo, and across the lovely inland sea dotted with lofty islands. Here the balmy breezes are full of health; but the whole region east of the lake is densely wooded, subject to a heavy rainfall, and almost uninhabited. The banks of the San Juan River are almost everywhere low and swampy; it is therefore most



HON. JAMES McMILLAN, THE NEWLY ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOMLINSON, DETROIT.—[SEE PAGE 50.]



HON. EDWARD O. WOLCOTT, THE NEWLY ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM COLORADO.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 46.]



COUNT HERBERT VON BISMARCK.
[SEE PAGE 51.]

fortunate that very little disturbance of the soil will be necessary except by dredging. In the middle and western divisions of the canal not only is the rainfall much less excessive, but the temperature is rendered equable by the east and northeast trades which sweep across Nicaragua. On the Pacific slope the climate is both delightful and salubrious.

At Rio Lajas, the last, or western, division of the canal proper begins. It extends for about seventeen miles from the western shore of the lake to Brito, on the Pacific, where ships from the Atlantic descend gradually by four locks into a snug haven. A number of inconsiderable streams intersect this portion of the line, the largest of which, the Rio Grande, will be deflected into another channel, while it is proposed to carry the others under the canal. Summing up, and beginning this time at Brito, the western terminal of the canal, the main features of the route, according to the last careful and exhaustive survey, are as follows:

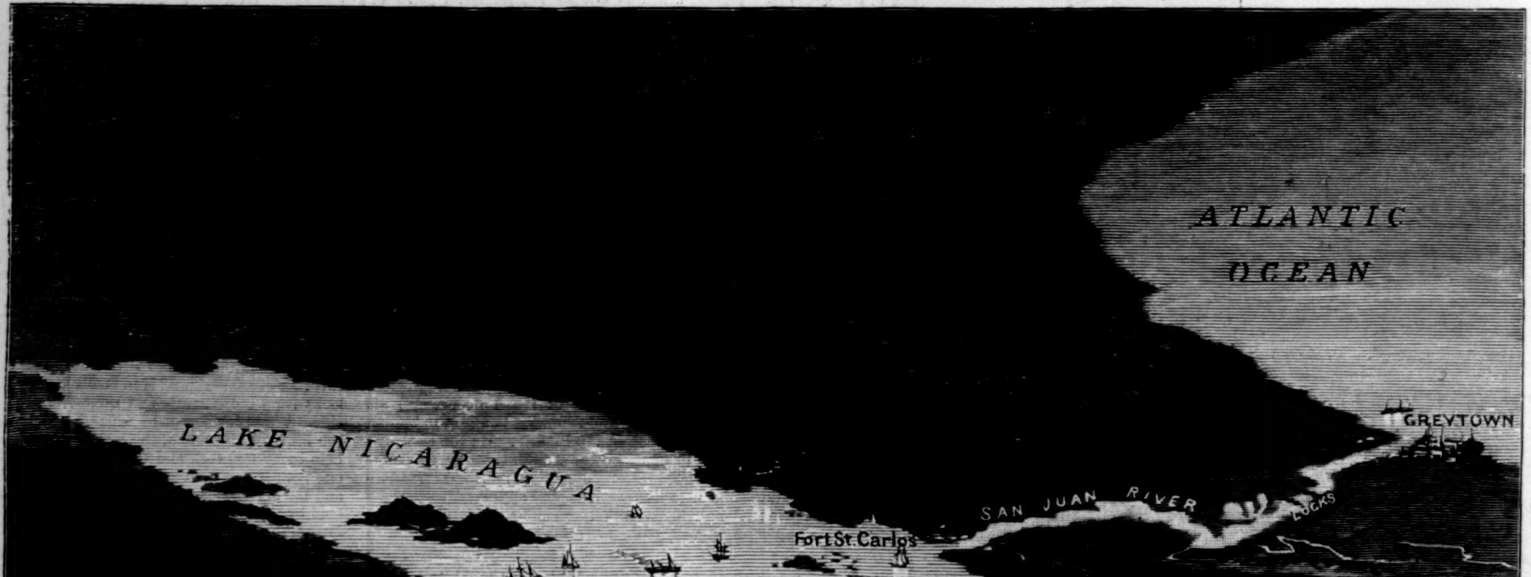
	Canal.	Free Navigation.	Total.
	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.
Western Division	12.14	4.83	16.97
Lake Nicaragua	....	56.50	56.50
San Juan River	....	64.54	64.54
San Francisco Basin	2.07	10.49	12.56
Great Divide Cut	3.03	....	3.03
Divide Cut to Greytown	12.95	3.40	16.35
Total	30.19	139.76	169.95

From this table it can be seen that in the whole distance there will only be about 30 miles of canal work, and with the exception of two or three rocks, the labor presents no mechanical difficulties or engineering problems which are not within the scope of modern science. It is, at all events, beyond question that the scene of this great enterprise has been more searchingly explored and surveyed than has ever been the case with any similar undertaking of modern times. It is estimated that the whole work can be completed in six years.

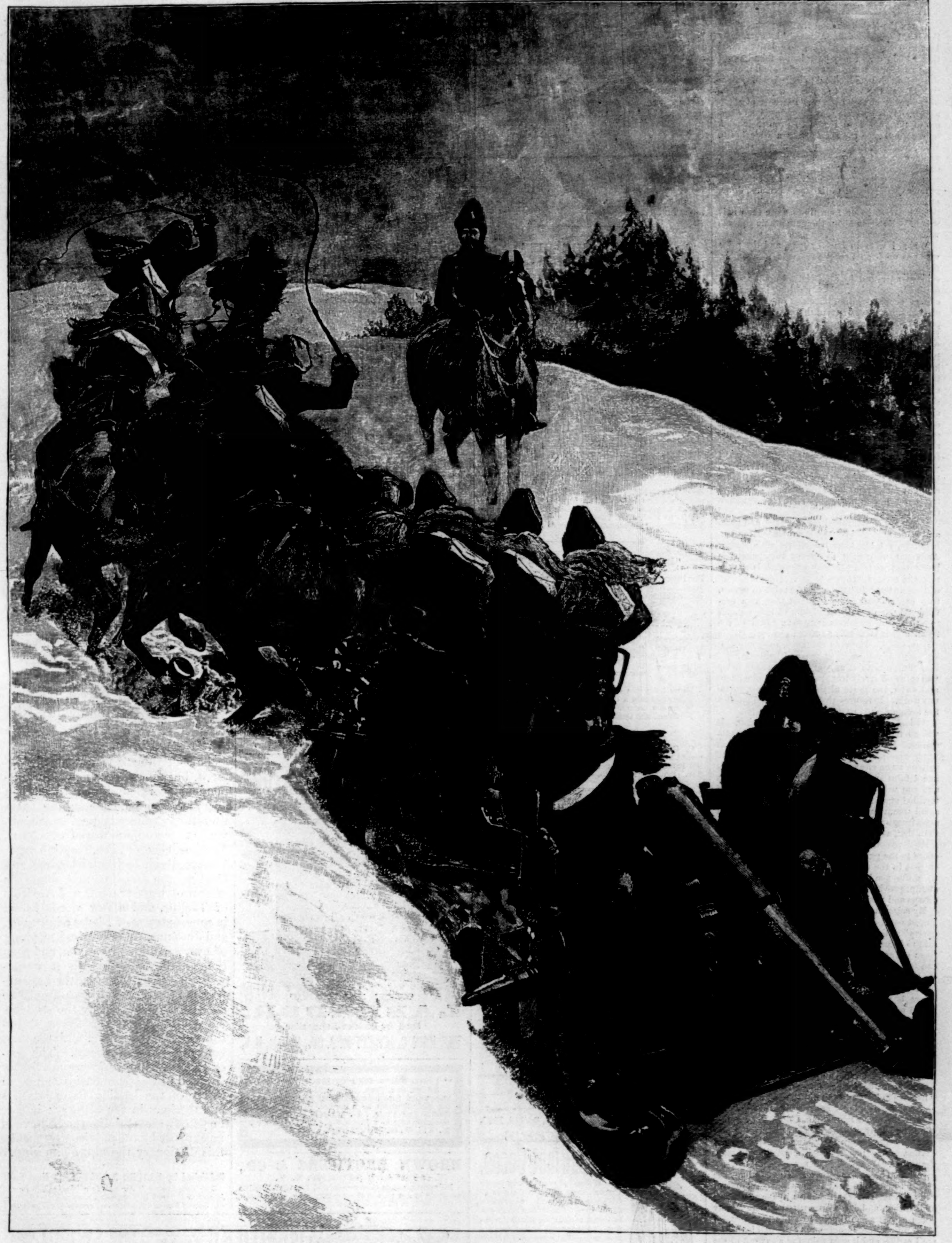
It may be interesting now to compare with these estimates a few facts taken from the statistics of the Suez and Panama canals, as to the latter of which, Lieutenant-Commander CHARLES H. STOCKTON, U.S.N., in a paper contributed a few months ago to the transactions of the American Geographical Society, expressed his opinion that "there is ground for doubting that it will ever be completed." The Panama Canal has already, it is said, cost over 200 millions—nearly four times the estimated cost of the proposed Nicaragua Canal. The Suez Canal, which has proved thoroughly successful, is 88 geographical miles in length, 66 miles of which had to be excavated, the sum total of expenses reaching 100 millions. The transit from sea to sea by the Suez Canal is made in three days, against the thirty hours of the Nicaragua Canal. Further, the Suez Canal, owing to the tortuous, rocky navigation of the Red Sea, together with its variable winds and terrific heat, is practically useless for sailing ships, which, therefore, in order to reach the Indies, China, Australia, California, and western South America, must sail around the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn. The route of the Nicaraguan Canal is swept by the east and northeast trades, and those fleets will certainly be diverted to it in the future, at all events when sailing westward. This is a most important advantage for the new canal, for it is certain that the larger portion of the world's tonnage is still transported in sailing vessels, more especially in the coasting trade. Now, as one approaches the Isthmus of Darien the wind either dies away altogether or becomes capricious, and the result is that a sailing vessel may lie off Panama for weeks, with loss to all concerned. The most immediately apparent effect of the opening of the Nicaragua Canal upon our trade with the west coast of South America will be the saving of time and money now lost by the delay and transshipment of goods at Panama. The continuous water route will do away with the detentions and greatly lessen the cost of freights, while it cannot fail to give us a share of the commerce with western South America.

For any one with a fair knowledge of commercial geography it is only necessary to glance at a map to realize that the opening of the Nicaragua Canal is destined to have a profound effect upon the commercial history of the world. As the saving in distances from New York to Hong-Kong, Yokohama, Bombay, Melbourne, and Auckland by this canal will be from 500 to 3000 miles over any other route except Suez, and the sailing conditions are unsurpassed, it is believed that the entire eastern commerce of our Atlantic seaboard will eventually find its way through the Nicaragua Canal. Our Pacific ports are now 13,000 and 14,000 miles away from us by way of Cape Horn. The distances by the canal will be 4500 to 5500 miles. Again, the distance from Liverpool to Auckland is 500 miles less by Nicaragua than by any other route, and 2524 miles less than by the Cape of Good Hope. It might very well happen that a part, at least, of this European trade with New Zealand will choose the Nicaraguan route, not so much for the distance saved over Cape Horn as for the more favorable weather, winds, and currents to be met with in the latitude of the canal. Sailing vessels between Europe and Japan would, by way of Nicaragua, save at least 3000 miles over other routes. When the canal is built, steamers and sailing vessels from the Gulf ports, which now seek the long and dreary passage around Cape Horn, with its perils, vexations, and hardships, will gain the Pacific in a pleasant trip of less than two days' duration. The world may be circumnavigated with ease and expedition without crossing the equator. It is true that sailing routes to and from Panama in the Pacific can hardly be said to exist, so seldom are they used; but Brito, the proposed western terminus of the Nicaragua Canal, is much better situated, the route thence to San Francisco by sail being nearly two weeks shorter than from Panama. When the physical barrier shall have been removed, all the existing lines of traffic from the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea will lead naturally through the canal to the countries and islands of the Pacific. Artificial trade routes will be broken down, and we shall no longer receive cinchona bark and crude rubber from England, and tea and coffee from London and Hamburg, or ship American hardware to Australia by way of Liverpool. Indeed, if the cost of constructing the canal should prove to be double the estimate of the engineers—which, under proper management, is impossible—the financial adventure would still be safe and profitable.

H.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PROJECTED NICARAGUA CANAL.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.



CANADIAN ARTILLERY IN WINTER.

CANADIAN ARTILLERY IN WINTER.

The illustration given above of a new gun sled tried at Quebec for the transport of field artillery possesses additional interest from similar experiments of the Russians at Stanislau. The advantage of not being compelled to suspend campaigning in high latitudes through snow or ice blockades is so obvious that of late much attention has been devoted to the matter; and the use of gun sleighs for field-pieces has an importance like that of the use of snow-shoes for infantry and the proposed hard packing of snow for field-works.

The new-pattern equipment at Quebec consists of a sleigh, or "bob," as it is there called, for the limber, and a second one for the carriage. Each consists mainly of two runners, having a strong transom with brackets and cap squares to take the axle-tree arms and crossbars, to which a toboggan bottom is secured. The apparatus can be put together or taken apart in a very few minutes, and the same is true of the transfer of the carriages from wheels to runners. Indeed, in case of urgency, this can be done without unhooking the horses. The gun detachment simply lift the carriage, remove the wheels, and lower it until the axle-tree arms rest in their bearings at each end of the transom. The transom cap squares are then keyed over the axle-tree arms, the check chains on the runners hooked to the splinter-bar and trail respectively, and the whole is ready for winter service. The runners can be shifted to suit the gauge of any road, and this is important in Canada, notes our artist, "since here in Quebec the winter tracks are about two feet six inches wide, and in Ontario three feet." The toboggan bottom enables the gun to ride over deep snow instead of cutting into it and sticking. The recoil is taken by two heavy chains passed under the runners and hooked. For transportation each sled is taken apart and packed by itself. No change of drill is required, the ordinary equipment remains the same, and the reduction of cost from the old-pattern sleigh is evident, as the one on trial at Quebec cost only sixty dollars, and has thus far been found satisfactory.

A PROFESSIONAL GUM-POT.

When the Mahdi scoured the hot plains of the Soudan, I was exceedingly disturbed. Personally I had no ventures in Africa; no relatives there that I knew of. I may have had a minimum of sympathy for that most conservative of all the continents, which I am inclined to believe will remain "dark" for the next five hundred years or so. What really annoyed me was the cost of gum-arabic. It is possible that the industrious pickers of the gum were forced to drop their step-ladders and give the acacia-trees a wide berth. I am, however, rather of the opinion that civilization cornered gum-arabic. London, Zanzibar, or Khartoom said: "This holy war means business. We will, then, take advantage of the situation, as enlightened Christians, Germans, Jews, or Islamites, and we will boom the gum, and make people pay three or four times more than it is worth." So came about the gum-arabic squeeze which began some five years ago.

When I went to buy my gum, and the price was put up from twenty-five cents to a dollar, notwithstanding the political and economic reasonings advanced by a casuistical apothecary, I declined purchasing. As my calling is that of a sticker or paster, the difficulties of my position can be understood. I am of the scissors and gum-pot. I have brought up a family by their means. I have done this so long that I know no other profession. I do not advance any intellectual qualities on my part, for everybody is supposed to know how to read. What I do assert, however, is my immense superiority in so far as relates to the mechanical part of my job. At times I get sick of reading—for you can read until you are sick, the disease being a well-defined one, arising, so medical experts declare, from an overstraining of the optic nerves, which have a sympathetic action on the stomach. Nevertheless, uncomfortable as continuous reading may make me, I would rather read than scissor and paste. To bring down the mechanical details of work to its simplest factors has been the study of years, and the source of gum had, so to speak, been cut from under my feet.

When the Mahdi raised his standard, and gum-arabic became an impossible substance for Unbelievers, I made tentative efforts with starch. Amateurs who wish to mount their sketches know that starch, properly prepared, is a very nice and clean substance to use. Having plenty of time at their disposal, and one print to mount, they can be neat about it. But take, as a professional paster, a thousand bits of flimsy paper to stick, and starch is nonsense. Boil it too much and it is a jelly; cooked too little it is a washy gruel. It has a tendency to mould. It will sour in summer. Alum will help its keeping, but, do with it as you please, starch never will come off freely from the brush. Boiled flour and water, the paste of the paper-hanger, would not work. It refuses that delicate manipulation the accomplished paster requires.

At last a happy thought struck the sticker. It was to try dextrine. It is an inexpensive substance. Equal parts in bulk of dextrine and water were taken, and they were boiled. The resultant was a clear, slightly yellowish fluid, which had a faint sweetish odor. Use postage-stamps and you will become familiar with the smell of torrified starch; but there is a corrective: take a small quantity of some essential oil, as that of sassafras, and the smell is neutralized. More than that, as one learned in adhesive substances, I shall patent a process for imparting various odors to the gum on the back of postage-stamps, so that in the dark a man can by smelling tell the difference between a two-cent and a five-cent stamp, providing, of course, the general public directs and posts letters when it is pitch-dark.

My scissors are long ones with double points. I must confess to having obtained them by "discovery" at the Centennial Exhibition. They were said to belong to no one, and I was told to carry them off as a memento. If the original owner can be found, or the United States has any claim on them, I am willing to restore them. They have snipped and snipped for fourteen years. There is a *patine* on them. Once an African seized on them and tried to cut carpet with the scissors, and they broke near the handle. I might have bought a new pair for half a dollar; To mend them cost seventy-five cents, and they were soldered, and ever since then I am devotedly attached to them. That famous Indian philosopher abused a fool and was unkind to a spoon, saying that the former understood no more of what books he read than did the spoon taste the soups it carried, but I am satisfied that my scissors know much more than I do. They appreciate the happy sentence. They discern the paragraph. They open their jaws, but they do not devour. They prune, perhaps, but they do more than that. What matter my scissors cut, my gum-brush helps to preserve. The two buoy the clever thought so that it does not sink out of sight. That thought floats on the wave hither and thither, and I am ever trusting that it may reach a port some time. I do not resurrect. I give only another impulse. As the ball is thrown me I strike, and it goes shinning away out of the field, to be picked up and used as a ball again thousands and thousands of miles away.

There is an exchange editor known among American journalists who has a deserved reputation for the care, good judgment, and nice discrimination he displays. To watch him at his task of reading innumerable newspapers, coming to him from all parts of the United States, is to see him apparently juggle with printed columns. It looks as if it were a purely mechanical process. A touch of his fingers, and a newspaper is opened, turned, and read on all its four, or eight, or sixteen, or twenty pages; and then comes another movement of the wrist, and the sheet is refolded and laid smoothly on the table. A minute for one newspaper may be an average of time. This work goes on from eight to ten hours every day. Now I am quite willing to wager that, if in any one of these hundreds of papers passing through his hands there happened to be printed anywhere the name of the journal he is attached to, or if anything has been copied from that journal and credit given to it, or even if it were filched, in an instant he would discover the fact. It is visual alertness and an automatic mental process carried by a carefully trained habit on his part to unerring precision. If that exchange editor tried to read the papers he would always be six months behindhand. The orchestral leader takes in the whole score, and the exchange editor reads with one glance of his eyes, not one line, but twenty of them all at the same time. It must be borne in mind that an exchange editor has more than the name of his own paper to look for; he has to watch out for topics embracing every subject of human interest.

A DIG IN THE RIBS,

If on the right side and lower part of the diaphragm, though playfully meant and delivered, is calculated to evoke profanity from a chappy whose liver is out of order. When that region is sore and congested, pokes seem fiendish. Look at a man's countenance ere you prod him under the ribs. If his skin and eyeballs have a sallow tinge, you may infer also that his tongue is furred, his breath apt to be sour, that he has pains not only beneath his ribs, but also under the right shoulder-blade. Also, that his bowels are irregular and his digestion impaired. Instead of making a jocose demonstration on his ribs, recommend him to take, and steadily persist in taking, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest antibilious and alterative medicine extant. Incomparable is it, also, for dyspepsia, rheumatism, nervousness, kidney trouble, and fever and ague.—[*Adv.*]

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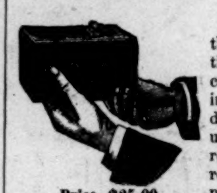

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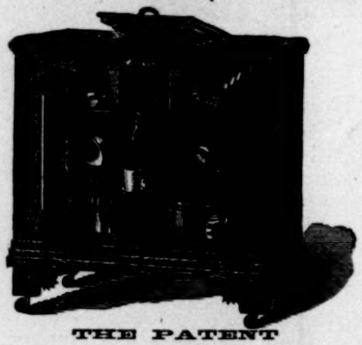

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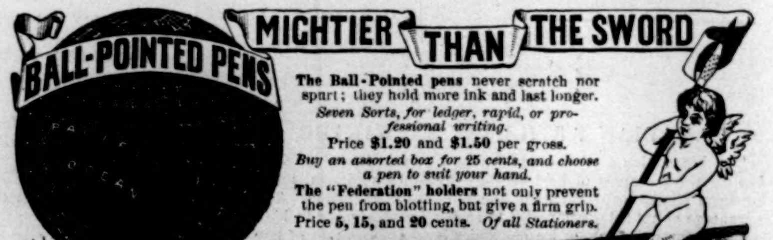

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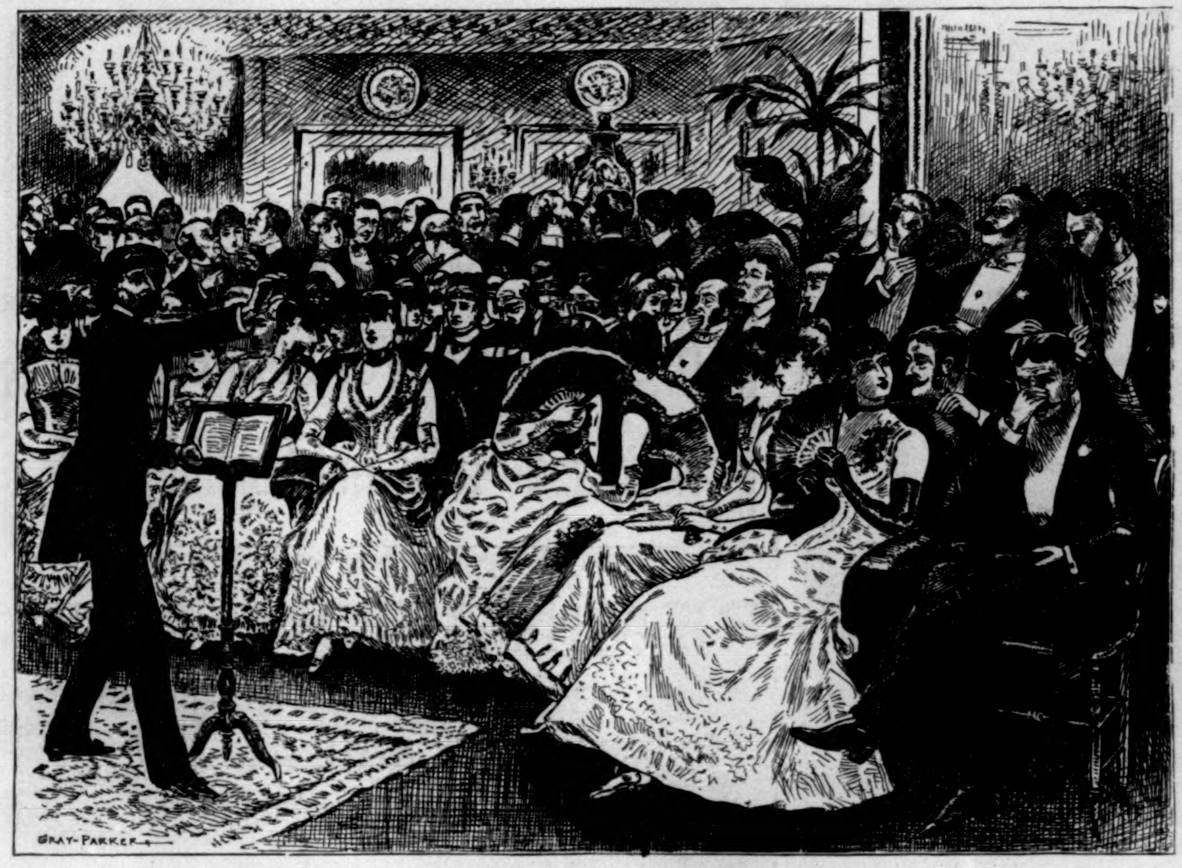

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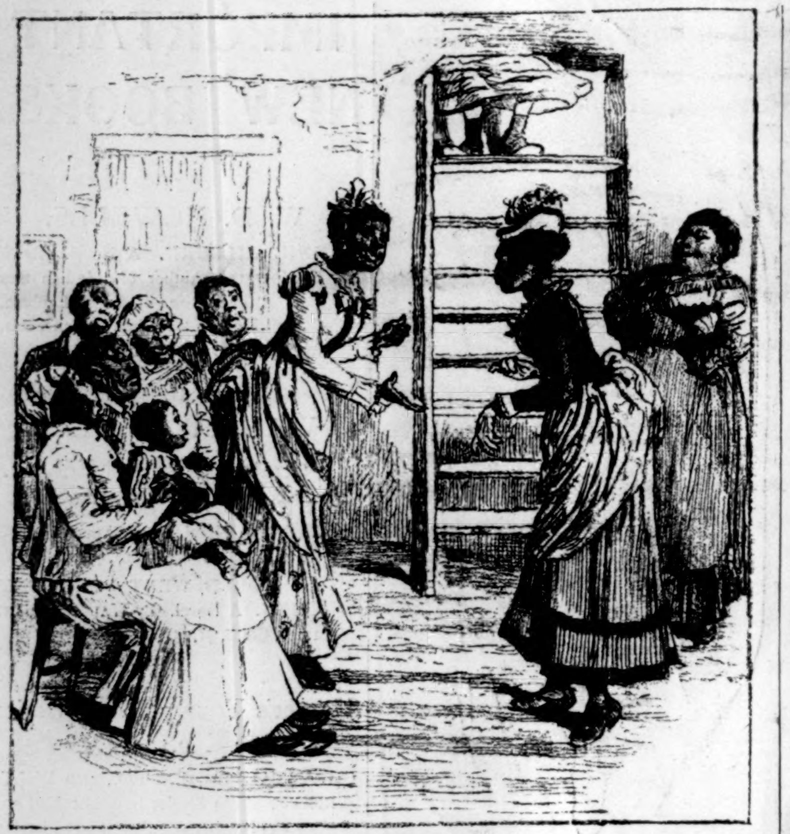

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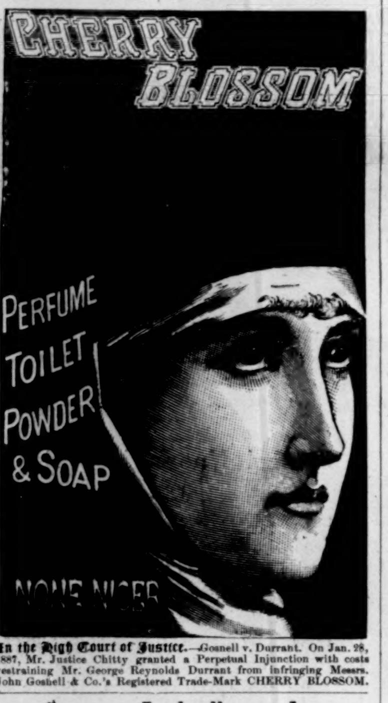

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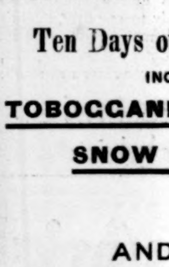
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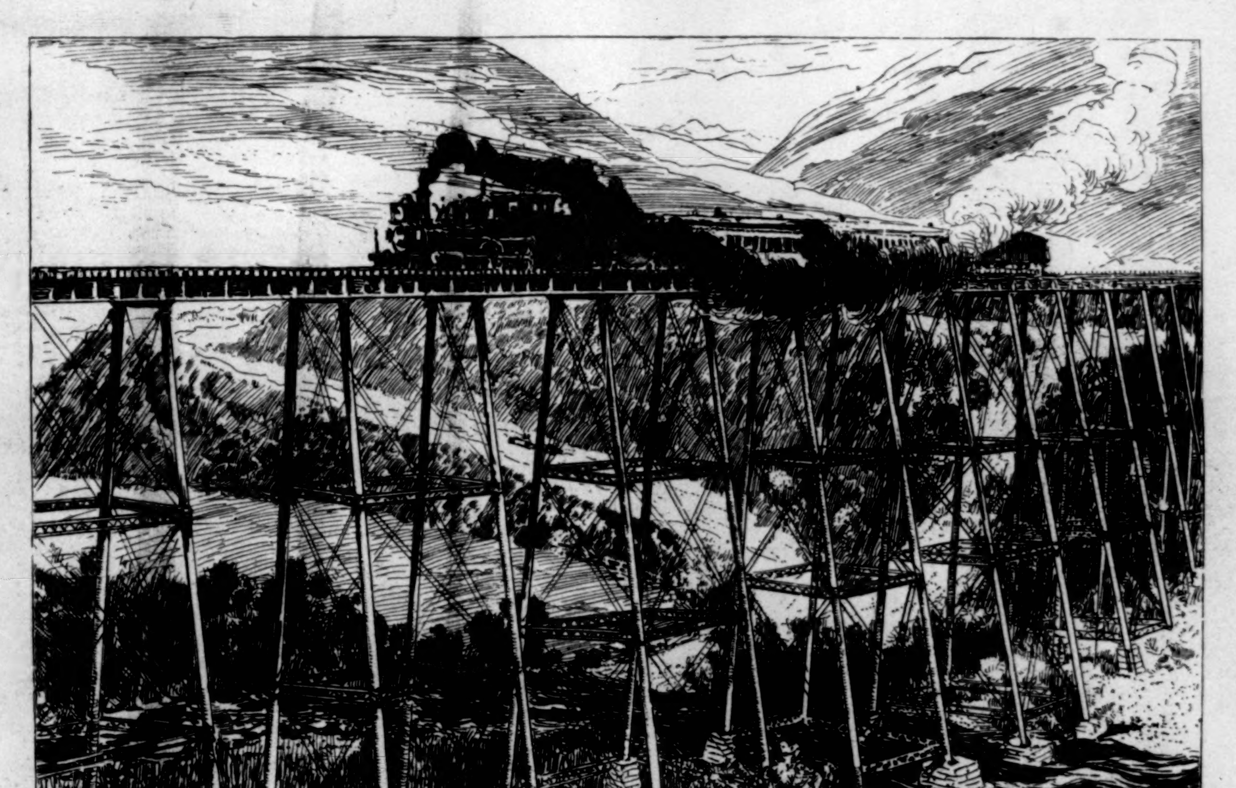
THE CITY OF ASPEN, COLORADO.

ON the western slope of the Continental Divide, among nameless mountain-peaks and lonely cañons, men were searching for silver in the early summer of 1880. Leadville was dull. The great carbonate camp had touched the farthest edge of its field of riches, and had turned back upon itself to ask the grewsome question, "After this, what?" Only too ready to foresee for Leadville a place in the ghostly procession of dead camps and unrealized hopes, a number of prospectors climbed the snowy heights of Mount Massive and pushed out into the unknown country beyond, to begin anew their unrewarded search for wealth.



MAROON BRIDGE ON THE MIDLAND RAILROAD NEAR ASPEN.

In one way it was something of a new life and a new world. Leadville was then the outpost of Eastern civilization, which seemed to have surged against the frowning wall of the Saguache Range, and recoiled confusedly upon the skirts of Fryer Hill. When the prospector had reached the white crest of Mount Massive and gone down the other side, he was no longer on the Atlantic slope, but on the water-shed of the Pacific Ocean.

At that time there was reason to doubt that this western slope of the Continental Divide ever would pay tribute to Denver and the East; and there was a belief, too, that he who located mines in such an inaccessible and remote region might as well fence in his cabin with his silver ores, for all the good that they would be to him. There are plenty of rich silver mines in Colorado worth no more than common dirt. The men who carried the pick, the shovel, and the blow-pipe into this Western wilderness apparently cared but little for the availability of their discoveries, as they were just as ready to locate claims on the tops of towering mountains as on the gentlest hillside. They held to the miner's common fallacy that wherever precious metal can be dug out of ground or blasted out of rock, a way will be found to transport it to market. In this case a way was found, undoubtedly, but it came only after years of patient waiting.

Traces of precious mineral were far from scarce on the western slope; indeed, prospectors located at various points a number of reasonably valuable claims, yet so out of reach was the whole region that it needed the discovery of a genuine bonanza to concentrate public attention upon any one particular point. That discovery was made when, in the course of the prospector's search up and down the Roaring Fork of the Grand River, rich silver ore was found on the mountain steeps near the mouths of Maroon, Castle, and Hunter creeks. Upon hearing of the new strike, the prospectors in the neighborhood made a rush to the spot to test the matter for themselves, with so satisfactory a result that before the summer was over a grotesque huddle of log cabins stood on the west bank of the Roaring Fork as a homely yet earnest guarantee that the new claims were something more real than the usual run of mining prophecy. Before Christmas-time the belief was common, even in doubting Leadville, that the new strike might some day amount to something, if proper transportation facilities could be obtained.

During the winter one of those fortunate men to whom nature has given a good share of foresight, together with sufficient energy and will to back it up, saw the opportunity that the Roaring Fork discovery offered, and promptly decided to make use of it. The Saguache Range was a solid wall of snow; the mountain passes were blocked with huge drifts; storms were howling and shrieking through the narrow cañons, and snow-slides were coasting down the rocky steeps; yet he set out alone to walk the obliterated trail between Leadville and the new camp. In this Rocky Mountain country there are deeds of daring that go unrecorded; there are tales of heroism that never get beyond the four walls of a miner's cabin; and there are agonies of suffering that pass unnoticed and unknown. Few men are heroes to their contemporaries, and least of all in an employment where the result only is regarded, and never the process of attainment. Perilous journeys and hazardous deeds are so common in the Rocky Mountains, and men there are so prone to underrate anything within the every-day scope of their own lives, that many, no doubt, will wonder what there could be in a walk of forty miles over the mountains to excite comment. To old Colorado miners who are familiar with mountain dangers I cannot hope to explain my admiration for this man's undertaking, but persons who came in bodily contact with the great Eastern blizzard of March, 1888, can form some adequate idea of the attending circumstances of his remarkable achievement.

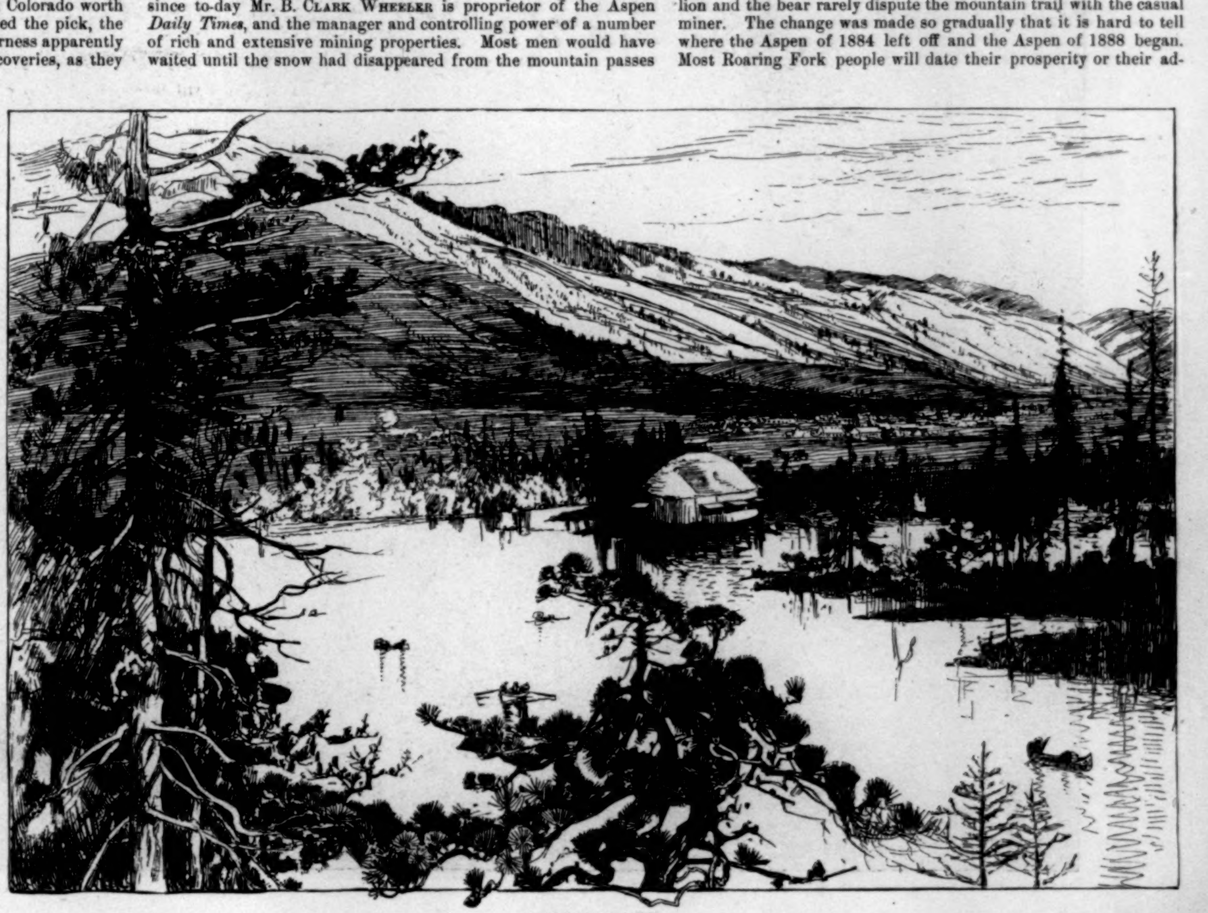
After several days of desperate struggle with the cold and snow, this adventurous man reached the new camp. Soon afterward he measured off in the snow the streets and building lots of a new town. This was the beginning of the rich young city of Aspen, the metropolis of the Roaring Fork, and the financial rival of Leadville. It was a profitable walk for the venturesome town-builder, since to-day Mr. B. CLARK WHEELER is proprietor of the Aspen *Daily Times*, and the manager and controlling power of a number of rich and extensive mining properties. Most men would have waited until the snow had disappeared from the mountain passes in the spring before attempting a pilgrimage to the camp on the Roaring Fork. It is one thing to have foresight, and a valuable thing, too, in its way, but it is quite another matter to have the pluck and energy with which to back it up.

Development work in the summer of 1881 established the success of the Aspen mines as silver producers, but at the same time brought out the disheartening fact that Aspen was not, and probably never would be, a poor man's camp. Silver was plenty enough, to be sure, but as a miner needed an interest in a profitable gold mine to get at it, there was not much chance for the individual operator, whose only capital was his labor. It was for this reason, as well as for the lack of smelting and shipping facilities, that after a lapse of two years Aspen had a population of only seven hundred. The people felt sure that their mines were unusually rich, yet faith without working capital was as badly off as a clipper ship in the eternal calms of the Saragossa Sea.

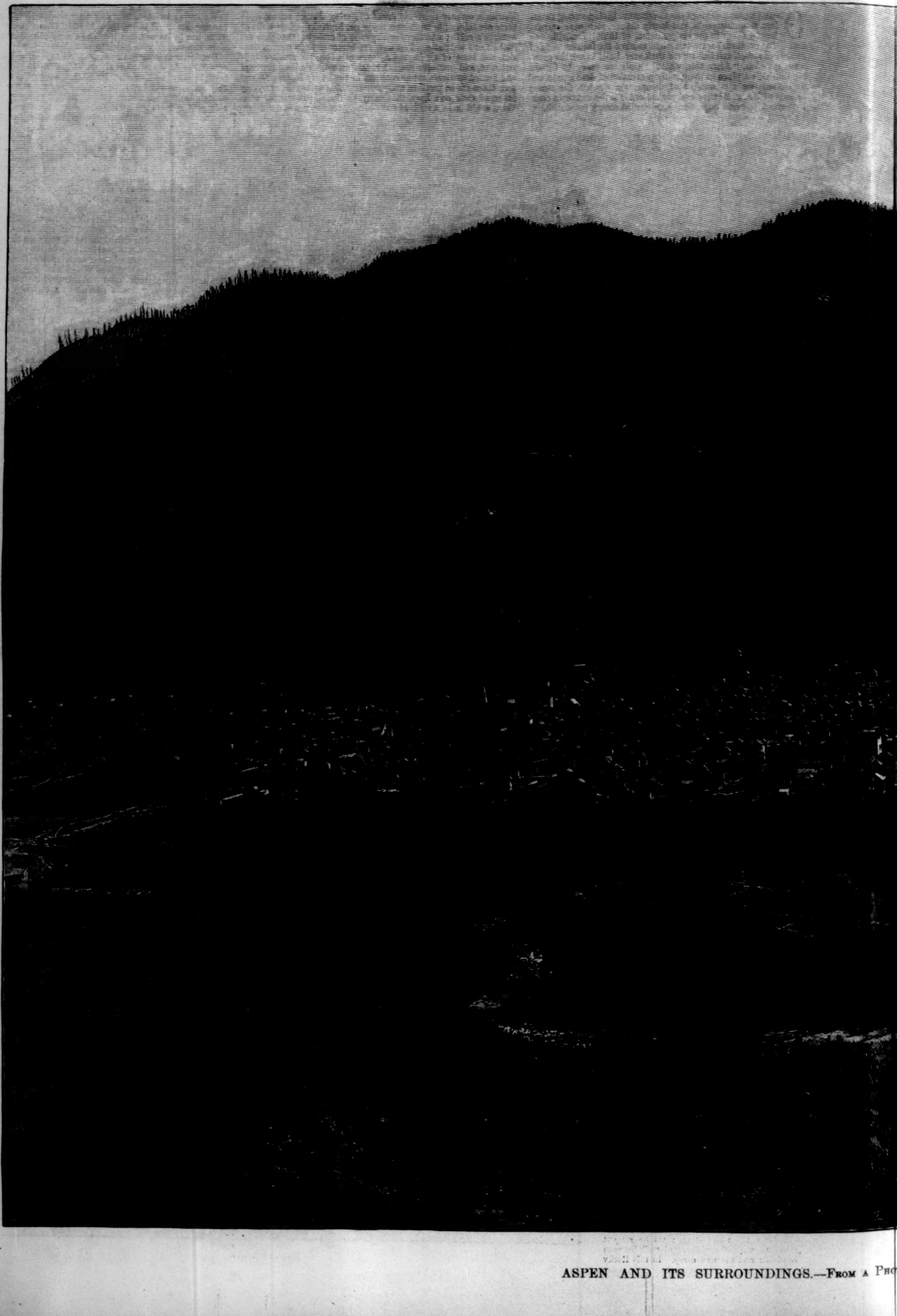
In the summer of 1883 the patient claimholders had their reward. Mr. JEROME B. WHEELER and several other New York capitalists visited the camp, and soon became interested in a practical way in the thorough development of the mines. Aside from the work of sinking new shafts and digging tunnels, the most important improvement was the construction of a smelter by a company of which Mr. WHEELER was president. Aspen seemed to get a new hold upon life immediately. With plenty of New York capital to guarantee business-like development, the true character of the Roaring Fork district was made known, and when, as a result, some of the richest mines in the State were discovered, and millions of dollars' worth of mineral was definitely located, the success of Aspen as a camp of more than local distinction was put beyond question. Men who had closed out their operations in Leadville, with the intention of seeking their fortunes in Gunnison or the San Juan country, took the trail to Aspen, and crowded the little town to overflowing. A year made a great change on the banks of the Roaring Fork. The smelter, having opened up the coal fields of Garfield County to obtain coke, was running at its greatest capacity; a bank, started by Mr. JEROME B. WHEELER, had given financial integrity to the town, and by fall the population had increased to five thousand. The rough mountain road that wound its stony way up the cañon of the Roaring Fork to the top of the Saguache Range, where it reached an elevation of 12,000 feet, and then zigzagged down past Twin Lakes to the railway station at Granite, a few miles south of Leadville, was dusty with much travel by day and aglow with camp-fires by night. Mountain lions screamed defiance at the intruders; grizzly bears growled from afar off, and elk and deer paused an instant to watch the unnatural scene. The little city, cradled between Smuggler and Aspen mountains, remote from civilization, the wild surroundings, and the high hopes of the men on the tortuous trail, recalled vividly the two opening lines of a famous poet's description of Timbuctoo:

> "Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies
> A mystic city, goal of high emprise."

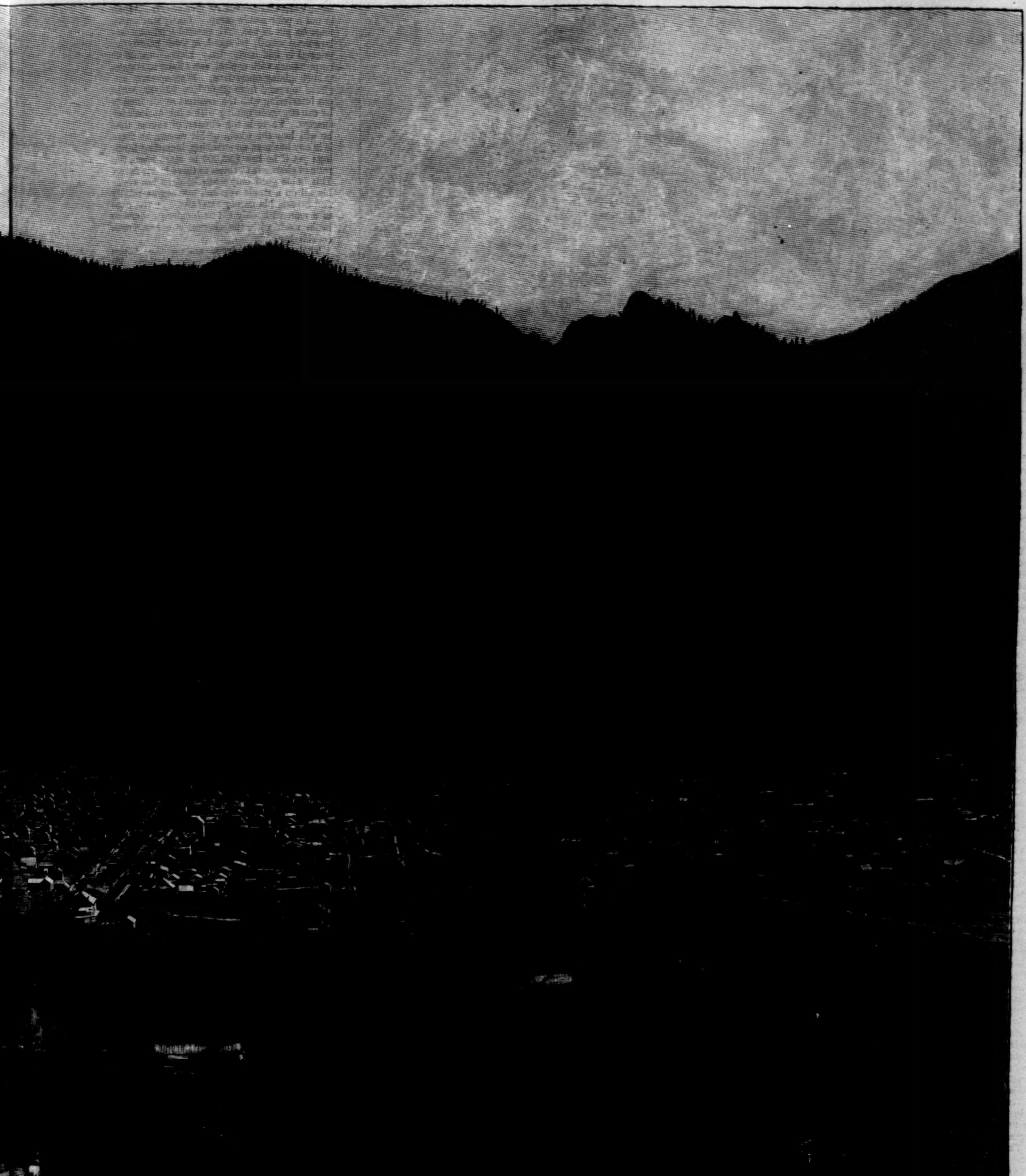
The application is in some degree appropriate yet, although the circumstances of Aspen's life have changed materially since then. The traveller no longer climbs the Continental Divide in a jolting coach and six or a laboring freight wagon, but takes his ease in a Pullman palace-car; and he sees in the streets of Aspen buildings of brick and stone instead of log huts and wall tents. The lion and the bear rarely dispute the mountain trail with the casual miner. The change was made so gradually that it is hard to tell where the Aspen of 1884 left off and the Aspen of 1888 began. Most Roaring Fork people will date their prosperity or their ad-



HALLAM LAKE.



ASPEN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.—From a Pho



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